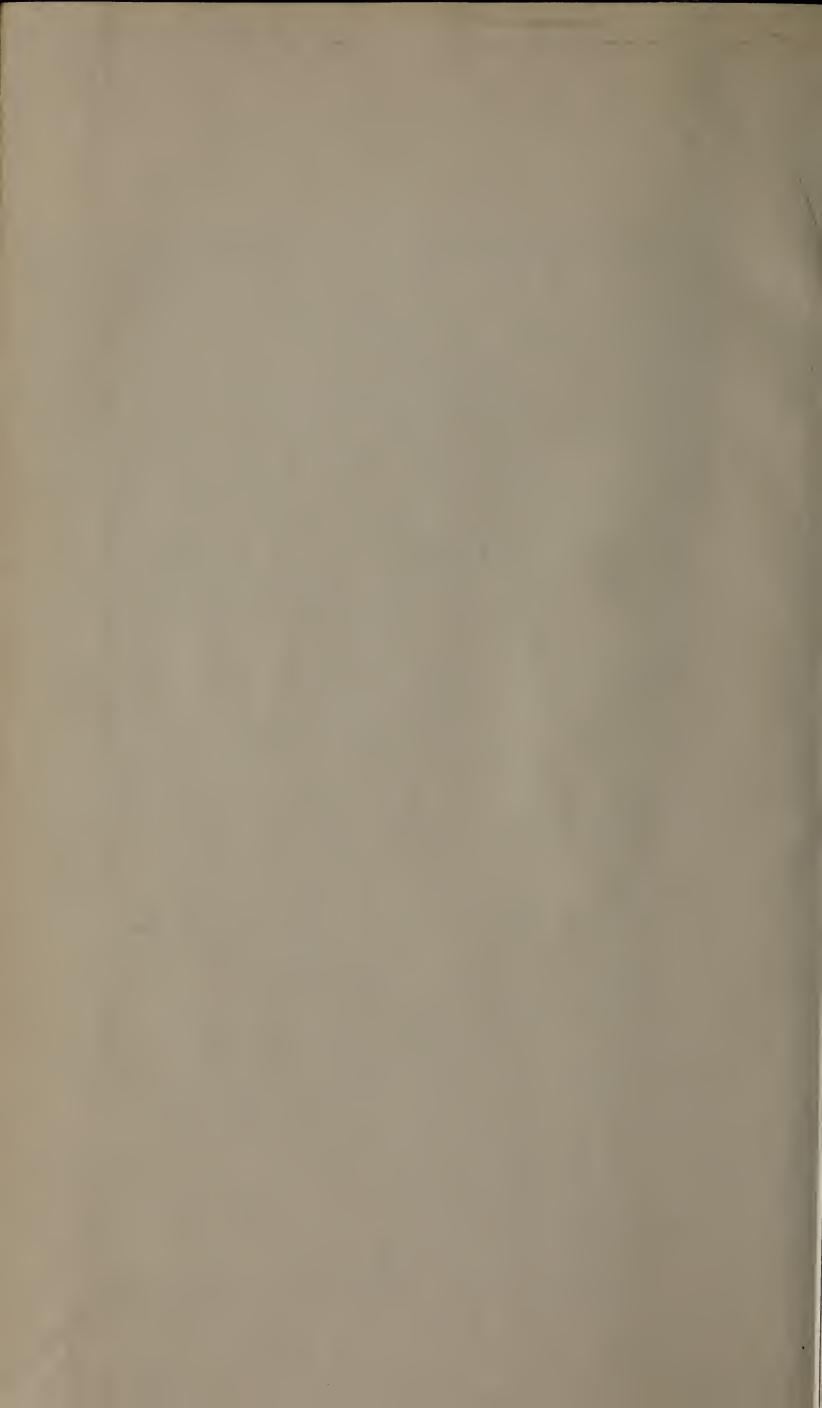
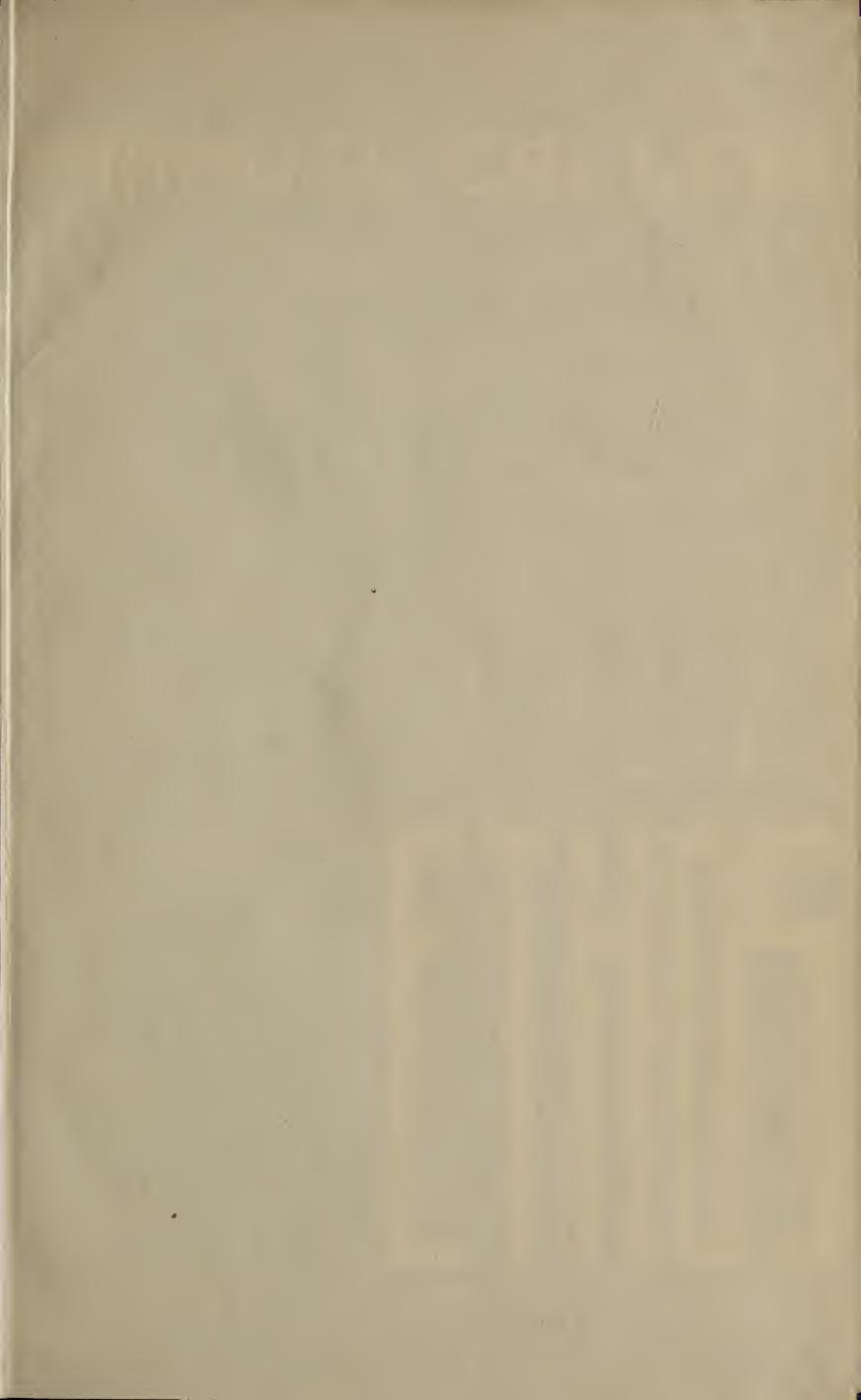
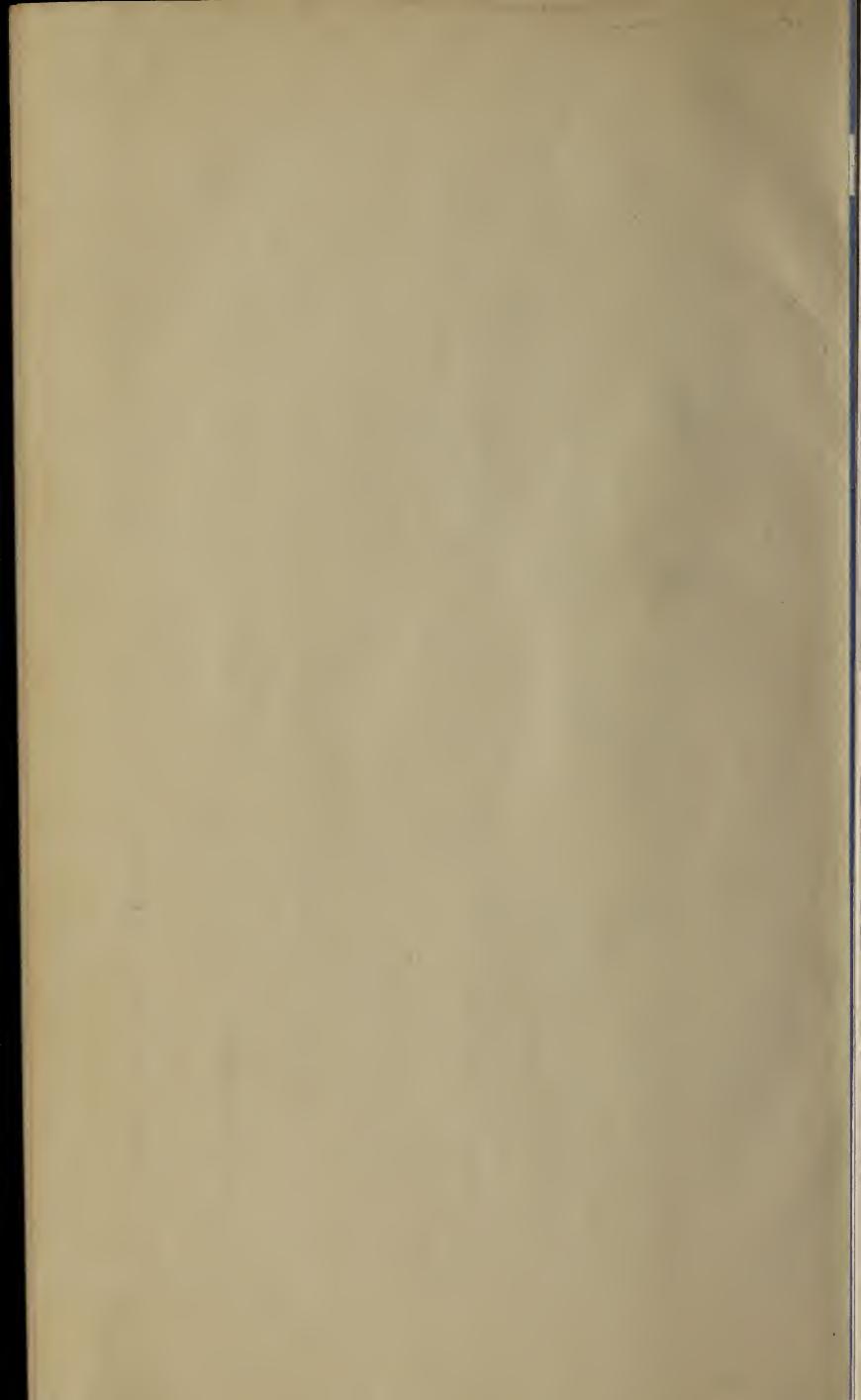


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EMMANUEL COLLEGE

Ethos

December, 1953

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Inside Out

CHRISTMAS is looked forward to from early in the school year and its memory remains long through January in that often repeated expression, "If only I had studied for this exam over the holiday!" We hope that you have been waiting for the Christmas issue of the Ethos as well as for a relaxing vacation.

Two Christmas stories await reading, "A Long Way Indeed," by Jean McDonald, and "The Last Letter," by Marie Hingston. These two sophomores have treated Christmas from distinctly different points of view, and there are three other short stories for your lazy hours.

The Ethos Staff is pleased to announce the winner of its first contest, Claire Morrissey. We think that you will find her essay challenging. Remember the Ethos' new contest, a poetry contest. Instructions for entering appear on the last page of the magazine proper. All are invited to participate.

A new department, "Letters from the Readers," appears in the last section of the magazine. Won't you write for the next issue? The ETHOS' mailbox is anxiously waiting to hear from you.

We should like to extend a special thank you to Geraldine Lambert, who prepared the artwork for the first page. Thank you also, to the members of the staff who spent many hours proofreading with the exactness of professionals.

Coming next month—the results of the ETHOS' poetry contest and an article on Dylan Thomas, whose recent premature death stunned the literary world.

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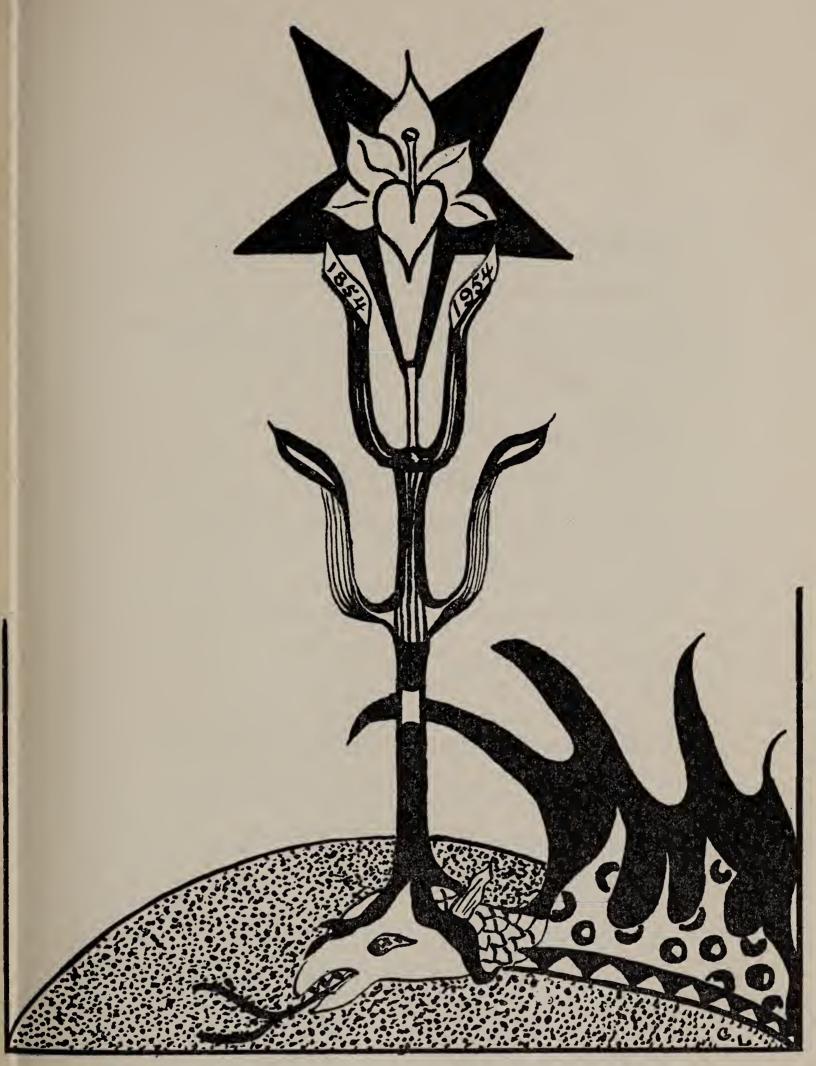
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The radiant crown of glory, with which the most pure brow of the Virgin Mother was encircled by God, seems to Us to shine more brilliantly as We recall to mind the day, on which, one hundred years ago, Our Predecessor of happy memory Pius IX, surrounded by a vast retinue of Cardinals and Bishops, with infallible apostolic authority defined, pronounced, and solemnly sanctioned "that the doctrine, which holds that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary at the first moment of her conception was, by singular grace and privilege of the Omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, Savior of the Human race, preserved from all stains of original sin, is revealed by God, and therefore to be firmly and resolutely believed by all the faithful."

—POPE PIUS XII, Fulgens Corona, Encyclical Letter on the Marian Year

Christmas, 1953

HELEN M. HENNESSY, '54

Shepherds are foreign; their olive-skinned

Semitic faces are not of now;

Christmas is snow on the ground, and wind,

Not pastoral warmth that can allow

Grazing of unfamiliar sheep.

Who of us knows an ancient sight

Like men and animals in drowsy sleep?

Who has slept in the open night

Or travelled on donkey back for days?

Census and taxes are different here.

But flanked by machines, the animals graze,
Angels come from the airplane's sphere
And seem not unexpected. A cave
Between apartments, belongs. Despised
Cattle are at home. Inside, the brave
Travellers and holy ones, and new-born Christ
Bend over centuries to every year.

We are the only foreigners here.

A Long Way Indeed

JEAN A. McDonald, '56

ALTHOUGH the moonlight flooded the snow-buried countryside with radiance, Reagan, the beggar, carried a lighted lantern with him on his way to Midnight Mass. He did it because he was afraid of God. It was not as in former years when he and his friends, Kelly, the turf-cutter, and Dermot, the shepherd, had made the rounds. The fear of Christmas had gotten into him. It started a year ago when he and Kelly returned, drunk from their Christmas revels. They found Dermot dead in his bed, his rosary in his hands. That's all his piety ever did for him! "So that's what it is to be holy," thought Reagan, "to die in a cold winter night all unawares and alone, with nothing but the snow for a blanket and only the night air and wind to keen for ye."

The Christmas night wanted something from him. He felt God's hand at work. Fear constantly pressed his heart and now he went to Church every Sunday because he was afraid. Each time he feared something holy would happen to him. He feared that worse than he feared the devil, with whom Kelly now associated. People said, "This summer past, Kelly was out in a storm and ran in for shelter to an old priest, but sure, he never was a priest at all but a friend of the Dark One himself, and bought Kelly's soul for gold." Now, Kelly had all the money one could imagine, but each evening before sundown he had to be inside his house. Although Reagan thought much of Kelly, he avoided him now so as not to draw God's attention to himself.

Reagan had acquired a little house. It was a deserted shack and the roof leaked, but still he had in it the pride

of possession. It was well that he had his little hut, for he, too, feared to go out at night because of the holy thing that dogged his steps.

When he begged through the countryside, he now took off his hat in greeting before each statue of Our Lady. Each time he did it for the same reason: to be in the good graces of God. There were many statues in the vicinity, standing about in their cloaks of stone, wood and plaster. Day after day as he greeted them, he came to know them all, from the large Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows of the Derry Woods to Our Lady of Rest, no larger than a finger, who stood in the hollow of an oak tree, which had been struck by lightning.

Filled with fear, he waited for Christmas. But the days slipped by so swiftly! As Christmas drew nearer and nearer, he resolved to go to Midnight Mass; not for love or faith or piety but merely to ward off the mysterious. To hearten himself in the moonlit solitude, he lighted the unnecessary lantern and started off for the distant Church. Away in the distance the bell droned. He looked for others who must be going to Mass but saw no trace of anyone. His heart began to hammer, he felt that he was drowning in the moonlit white solitude. He walked quickly but he was afraid to run.

Suddenly he came upon the shrine of Our Lady of Refuge, a little porcelain figure with gold lilies on her dress. She gave him confidence. He snatched off his hat and looked up beseechingly. Our Lady was not there! "Fallen," he thought. The snow lay smooth under the shrine except for traces of dainty steps; a mouse must have run across here. "It must have been stolen," thought Reagan as he rushed on. He crossed the road, thinking of greeting Our Lady of Devotion, who stood on the bridge. But she too was gone. Astonished, he stood still. The booming of the bell died. Again the silence pressed down over the frozen white land.

He looked about and again saw the tiny footprints. Beads of perspiration stood on Reagan's forehead. He began to run. Oh, now the miracle would happen; now it would choke him. In spite of his fear, Reagan was as curious as an old woman to see if Our Lady of a Holy Death was still in her shrine. No, she, too, had disappeared.

Never in his life had Reagan run so hard. He still took heart to look up at the statues as he pelted past; they had all disappeared. Something had happened, yes, something terribly holy had happened. Once he had the oak woods behind him he could see the lighted windows of the Church. Any minute now it would strike twelve. He ran on, not daring to look up. Another moment he would be in the village and the danger would be over. Suddenly, he heard something approaching from his left. He staggered to a halt, stumbling in the snow. A little figure, not two feet high, came running breathlessly toward him. It had on a red dress, a little blue swaying cape, and seven tiny silver swords were stuck in its panting breast.

"Our Lady of the Derry Woods," stammered Reagan, he was sure he would drop dead of fright. The figure approached, addressing him in an anxious, every-day voice that had nothing Mother-of-God about it: "O, dear Mr. Reagan, dearest friend, you always greet me when you pass, help me, help me. I have been running for an hour, my feet hurt me so, my heart is breaking. Please carry me to my crucified Son at the Big Pond or I shall be late for His Christmas Feast."

Pleadingly, she stretched out her arms, the scent of violets surrounded her. Reagan stood rigid with fright; stuttered but could not utter a single word. The holy thing was present in all its awesomeness.

"O, carry me, Mr. Reagan. You can run quickly and

I'm as light as a feather. If I go alone it will take at least an hour, for the way is long indeed for me and the feast will be over. Help me! You see, I couldn't get away. A man came to my shrine and prayed, someone who had sold his soul for a few dollars. Oh, how he prayed in the dead of night for my help to save him from the devil, who stood behind him like a snake on the tip of its tail. Oh, I had to battle so hard to save him."

"Has Kelly been saved, then?" asked Reagan with rising confidence.

"Yes, but now carry me to my Son."

"Dearest, dear lady," he sighed, "I cannot, for my soul is as black as a hound."

"I will shine on it till it gleams, but carry me, carry me."

"If that's all, then," he stooped and swept her into his arms. He carried her as he would a child. He dashed through the oak woods as fast as his long legs would carry him. He plowed through the snow-covered fields towards the pond. In the distance he saw the Cross surrounded by a mild light.

"Now, put me down and many thanks, Mr. Reagan."

He put her down and quickly she ran off. Thoughtlessly, he ran on but what did he see! He knelt down in wonder. The Cross was bathed in dazzling light, radiated from the body of the living Christ. Before Him, in a semi-circle, stood all of the statues each in its size. With Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows running up, joyous movement arose among the living statues. Now, altogether, they knelt and raised their arms in praise to the Son of them all, who opened his beautiful eyes and looked at them lovingly.

"So this," thought Reagan, "is what it is to be holy."

The next day all of the statues stood again in their wooden and stone garments. In front of the shrine of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows of the Derry Woods, they found Kelly, dead on his knees, his hands still tightly grasping the iron bars of the grating. A yellow snake lay next him with its head crushed, terrible to behold.

UNTO HIS OWN

Nancy Sheehan, '55

A star saw its Creator. Rapt, Limits of nature it forgot, Bursting in blazing, sun-blinding Splendor. And yet men knew Him not.

Trees bummed a hymnal lullaby, Lest slumber be disturbed, wind caught Its breath, Earth trembled and in awe Adored. And yet men loved Him not.

In infant eyes, and hands, and heart Nature had found what men still sought, Source of all peace, all love, all life He came. Yet men received Him not.

The Interruption

ANN T. FLYNN, '56

ONES was in a predicament, one from which he saw no immediate means of escape. Here he was, stuck in an elevator between the fifth and sixth floors of the Gandry Press Company at 5:45 P.M. on a Friday evening. He knew he was all alone in that great hulk of a building, for, as chief custodian, it was his duty to make the rounds at night. This night, as had been his custom for the last forty-one years, Jones had checked every nook and cranny of the old building slowly and painstakingly. The bindery, the business offices, the composition room, the shipping room were completely devoid of activity. He had made certain of that. The presses were silent; the telephones had ceased their incessant jangling; the proofreaders' high stools stood solitarily like soldiers on guard duty; the trucks were gone. The building was empty for the space of forty-eight hours, except for a lone figure suspended in a small cage above a yawning elevator shaft.

It was reasonable that the elevator, sooner or later, would break down. It was old, like everything else in that building. The edifice itself had withstood the rigors of New England weather for sixty-seven years. It showed its age in the indeterminate coloring of the granite. Wedged between a mountain of brown sandstone on one side and an expanse of dull red brick on the other, the Gandry Press made a sorry third. It crouched between the two like a cowed mongrel, beaten, tired, nondescript.

Like the building, Jones too was old. His arid spirit peered out through faded blue eyes framed beneath sparse white brows. Routine was his god. He moved like an automaton. Each day for forty-one years he had performed the same homely operations. His stooped form in its shabby brown coat would disappear into the gray building at precisely 8:20 A.M. only to emerge again at exactly 5:30 P.M. He was like a mole with but one choice abode. Jones would make his way slowly and ponderously down the deserted street to his rooming house. At quarter to six he would sit down to supper. On Friday evenings it was always corn chowder and cold fishcakes.

Jones was thinking about supper as he sat on the floor of the elevator. Tightly he twined his fingers through green iron grillwork of the elevator cage. Small flakes of chipped paint lay under his hand, and as he moved to brush them away, he was reminded of the green baize chair in his room. It was the same dusty, dull shade of green. Each night after supper he would mount the two flights to his room and sit down on that green baize chair and read his newspaper. The very newspaper lay folded in the right pocket of his brown jacket. He took it out and stared at it for a moment, and then returned it to the original place. He would not read it here.

Jones stood up and walked the few steps to the side of the cage. He leaned over and looked down the shaft. He could see nothing but a stretch of dark eternity. The two naked bulbs, one on the seventh floor landing and the other on the sixth, cast two tiny circles of dead white light above and below him, but in his two-by-four prison the darkness lay over him like a featherbed, smothering him on all sides.

Again he pressed the buzzer which would ordinarily make the cage move, but there was no movement. The lines were dead. Something had gone wrong with the apparatus, and he must wait there until someone came along to throw the switch which would release him from the gloomy prison. Jones lowered himself deliberately to the floor and leaned carefully against the iron wall. The floor felt like marble. The coldness of the still air crawled slowly into his body, chilling him through and through. He could feel suspended time like black booted feet resting heavily in that cage. His hand reached for the large turnip watch which always reposed in his pants' pocket, but as his fingers closed around the icy metal, he knew he would be unable to discern the position of the thin black hands. Time was passing without his ken. He sat there wearily, but merciful sleep would not come. Jones was too old for sleep, time was very precious to him. He just sat there quietly, staring, staring into the darkness.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones!" A high, quavering, excited, feminine voice floated thinly up the elevator shaft.

"Yes. Yes. Mrs. Guthry?" The old man bestirred himself and felt his way along the side of the cage. He peered into space and saw below in a flood of warm yellow light two sharp forms, a man and a woman.

"We will have you down here in one minute, mister. Don't you worry now."

Jones felt a stream of cold air slap against his face as the elevator creaked slowly down to the first floor.

"You're sure lucky your landlady knows you well, Mister, or you'd still be here come Monday. You okay?"

"I'm all right." He stared dazedly at the policeman and then down at his hand. The policeman took the keys which Jones clutched tightly in his fist.

"I'll lock up here. You go along with her."

"No! Let me! I must—." But as he said these words Mrs. Guthry seized him by the arm.

"Come along. The policeman knows what is best for you."

Chattering like an excited sparrow the landlady led a dazed Jones down the street and into the boarding house.

"Here he is now, as good as ever. Didn't I tell you that was the only possible place for him to be?"

Mrs. Guthry led Jones triumphantly into the dining room and enthroned him in the head chair. The other roomers stared at him curiously, and then one guffawed, "We sure thought you were a goner when you didn't show for supper. First time in forty-one years you missed."

Jones raised his eyes to the speaker, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Guthry, could I maybe have something to eat?" His voice cracked dangerously.

"Why sure, Mr. Jones, you just set there and I'll hotten something up for you. But maybe you'd rather have it upstairs in your room, after all the excitement and everything—?" She turned to him inquiringly.

"No, no! Here!" He rose from the chair and looked to her imploringly.

"Sure, Mr. Jones, sure. Just take it easy now."

A few minutes later she set a steaming bowl before him. Corn chowder. He smiled contentedly at her and began to eat.

He gulped down the last spoonful of chowder, rubbed his hand across his mouth, and rose slowly from the table.

"You go right to bed now, Mr. Jones. You've had a bad time of it tonight." Mrs. Guthry looked anxiously up at him as he began the laborious job of mounting the stairs.

He half-turned. His words were muffled in the heavy gloom of the stairway.

"Something to do first, Mrs. Guthry, before I go to sleep."
Jones turned and mounted the few remaining steps one by
one. His slight figure faded into the gloom. Only the whiteness of a newspaper tucked under his arm could be seen.

Deception

Nancy Sheehan, '55

When autumn's days were warm and brilliant-bright,
Each fleet flame-fingered leaf I chanced to meet
Greeted my heart with hints of high delight,
And seemed to hold a savage secret sweet.
Surprise of spring-like fancy filled fall air;
Stern reason's rule was lost; hope held my heart,
For even barren trees gave promise rare
Of dreams, as yet undreamed of, to impart.
Cold caution could not tame expectant eyes,
So I discarded days disdainfully,
Nor thought, when dark descends the day soon dies,
Nor thought of fleeting time's inconstancy.
Fall's days have faded, fled, and now I know
Fall's dreams will find their foe in winter's snow.



Editorial

CAEDMON AND CYNEWULF

THINKING of Christmas arouses a mood of recalling, of recreating the Christmases of lives long hidden by the secretiveness of time. For Christmas does not belong to one generation; it grows as old as the Adam who possessed its sacred promise. Our only vestiges of old Christmases remain in literature and art—the sole touchable relics of lost generations.

Yule logs, banqueting, wassailing and feasting vividly issue forth from the ancient carols of Merry England. Combining Christianity with a rigid system of life, this race owned a particular simplicity and seriousness; the Anglo-Saxons worked too laboriously in a cold climate to lead involved lives—and the pessimism which so often underlies the philosophy of a warring, serious people reflects in their religious emphasis on doom and judgment. They proved laconic in expression, stern in discipline, passionate in war.

The early Anglo-Saxon Christmas spirit remains for us in the literary fragments of two mysterious bards, Caedmon and Cynewulf; the history of the one tastes of the romantic and legendary, the story of the other, unfortunately, rests unknown. Only a strange runic signature, imbedded in several old poems, identifies the latter.

Let us suppose that it is the feast of Christmas in seventh century England. It cannot be positively stated that Caedmon's vision occurred at Christmas; however, we are told by Bede that it was the time of a holy feast, and we may well presume that the day was Christmas Eve. On such feast days, the banqueters were housed in large halls, and for

entertainment purposes, each man was assigned to rise and sing an extemporaneous poem. But the talent for writing and singing poetry had never belonged to Caedmon, and shamed by his inability, he retired from every feast at an early hour. On this particular evening, Caedmon left his companions and withdrew to the stable to feed the animals.

Falling asleep in the barn, Caedmon dreamed that he felt the pressing presence of a voice which pleaded, "Caedmon, sing me something." Stating his inadequacy in this matter, Caedmon explained his reason for leaving the feast prematurely. The voice, however, persisted, saying, "No matter, you are to sing for me." The perplexed Caedmon asked what he was to sing and was instructed to compose a hymn on the creation of all things. With a fluency unpossessed of him before, Caedmon chanted the hymn in his sleep. The words marked Caedmon's memory and when he awoke, he was able to retell them with exactness. His "Creation Hymn" remains for us as one of the first pieces of extant English verse.

After his vision, Caedmon entered a monastery where he wrote hymns on Bible subjects for the remainder of his life. The majority of the Anglo-Saxon people, unskilled in reading difficult Latin texts, learned their scripture lessons from the poetry of Caedmon. In her study of Anglo-Saxon poetry, "Word Hoard," Margaret Williams remarks on Caedmon's contribution to English poetry. "Caedmon's 'Creation Song' was Biblical in theme, but the metre in which he sang was heroic and Nordic. The Anglo-Saxon poetic heritage was taken up intact by Christianity, not destroyed but transmuted."

Unfortunately, the record of Cynewulf's life remains much less certain than the life of Caedmon. It is generally supposed that Cynewulf was bishop of Lindisfarne in the year 740 A.D., however, there is no absolute evidence to support this belief. Our only positive identification of Cynewulf exists in the strange semblance of a signature which reaches us from the pages of manuscripts one thousand years old. This signature is formed in the ancient runic alphabet, the original Teutonic alphabet of the third and fourth centuries. In the fashion of most alphabets, the runes signified a sound, but in addition, each rune represented a word, since the runes were probably the remains of a primitive pictorial system of writing. Often impressed on coins and monuments, the runes were frequently employed in poetry to suggest secret meanings. The consecutive runes that spell Cynewulf's name formerly represented words as well as sounds. Whenever these words occurred in his poems, Cynewulf inserted the rune, giving each rune its dual application as a letter and a noun. Combining the runes scattered throughout his poems, we have his name.

HAXMPNT F

Cynewulf's poetry owns a simple but fervid religious passion. Margaret Williams (cf. supra) notes that Cynewulf was probably well acquainted with the system of Gregorian music. For this reason, his poetry possesses a chantlike quality. The lines reach forward without break in the thought, as the chant progresses with few breaks in the notes. There is a slow and solemn quality to his line. In his long poem "The Christ," Cynewulf sings of Jerusalem,

recreating for us the strong and simple faith of the Old English people in Christmas.

O sight of peace, holy Jerusalem, best of kingly thrones, Christ's city, homeland of angels, and of souls who in Thee rest forever, fast in truth and rejoicing in glory. No sign of uncleanliness is ever seen in that blessed seat, but every evil flies afar, all curse and conflict. Thou art full of glory, of holy promise, as thou art named.

B. A. R.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Joan M. O'Sullivan, '55

One trembling star illuminates
The dark land, death-land lying lost,
In need of light, yet still retains
Its rightful heaven-home aloft.

Eternity self-trapped in time, Ennobles natures fallen far From Love's intent, rebrightens them Till they refract, reflect the star.

Seeing Things

CLAIRE DELAY, '55

A GOLDEN haze of late afternoon sunshine filled the narrow streets leading from the hotel to the gambling Casino. The pavement, still damp from the morning's rain, was studded with shining puddles. A bright film of moisture sparkled on the long leaves of the tall palm trees. The heavy fragrance of flowers floated in the humid air.

"It's a shame that the girls in the club aren't here to see these gardens with us," the smartly dressed woman remarked.

With a grin the man at her side answered, "And why would the Garden Club be here with us on our anniversary trip?"

She was undaunted. "In fact, we all could attend some of the séances that I heard about from the maid at the hotel." She pursued the subject eagerly, "A romantic old city like this must be teeming with fascinating spirits."

"Isabel," he interrupted, "reading horoscopes is one thing, but no wife of mine is going to be seen at any séance."

Now he was being pompous. She sighed and deftly steered the conversation into safer channels. "I'm glad that the rain has stopped. My horoscope predicted a wonderful day for me, but exciting things never happen in a downpour."

Today undoubtedly would be a propitious one, she reflected. In fact, she had chosen the twenty-seventh of June for her wedding day fifteen years ago only after careful study of her astrology charts.

"Have you decided yet whether you want to go to that masquerade party tonight, Izzie?" The storm was past. He was using the affectionate nickname that had survived since the first days of their courtship.

"Of course, we're going. Everyone will be there," she explained as she stopped to admire a handsome bracelet in a shop window. Its myriad of small, square-cut gems winked at her coyly from the folds of purple velvet. "John, isn't that exquisite?"

"Um-huh," he agreed absently. "Perhaps if we break the bank at the Casino, I'll buy it for you."

The idea of breaking the bank caught her fancy in a web of daydreams. Not that the money mattered particularly. John was now head of his own successful insurance agency. The John K. Wherry Agency it was called. She had urged him to use his middle name on the stationery and records; "J. Kent Wherry" would look so distinguished on the letterheads. But he had refused.

Yet to break the bank and become part of the legends that surrounded the place would be marvelous. For years to come, people would tell about the two American tourists who won a fabulous sum of money gambling at the roulette tables on a certain twenty-seventh of June. That thought reminded her of something.

"John, did you know that there is a sad story connected with this date at the Casino?" Without waiting for his answer she began to narrate the tale of the beautiful Italian girl who won a fortune on the twenty-seventh of a now-forgotten June. The next day was her birthday and she was a gambler. She bet all her winnings on her lucky number, twenty-seven. But she lost. So she hurled herself down to the rocks on the shore below the terraced promontory where the Casino stands. "And now," Isabel finished, "they say her ghost returns whenever the number twenty-seven comes up on the twenty-seventh of the month."

"Perhaps you would prefer to go back to the hotel," her husband suggested with assumed innocence. "There's no telling how a temperamental ghost will behave toward you today."

"She may not even appear."

"If she is as beautiful as you say, I'm rather hoping she does."

When, at last, she stood before the pretentious facade of the most elegant of gambling dens, Isabel was breathless. The baroque architecture was magnificent and exactly suitable. An aura of an existence completely detached from the prosaic world pervaded the interior. In the main salon a deep plush carpet in a mellow rose tone caught the sound of each footstep before it could disturb the urgent murmurings of the gamblers. Clusters of dignified marble columns stretched loftily up to the high carved ceiling. The walls were covered with faded rose brocade and the chandeliers were shaded with white satin.

Finally, Isabel was conscious of the rattle of the roulette wheel, the scraping of chips across the board, and the clipped syllables of the croupier. John pointed out the serious-faced man in a dark business suit who was sitting at the other side of the table. As each number came up, he entered it in his thumb-worn memo book.

"He thinks he has a system," John whispered. "But I'll bet that we win more than he does."

At this point Isabel was confused. The whole procedure was more complicated than she had expected. She began to wonder if someone was cheating her. Certainly, her money could not disappear so quickly if everyone were playing fairly. For the next few minutes she scarcely looked away from the red and black chips on the numbers and the roulette wheel.

Suddenly she gasped. The little ball hesitated for a moment and then dropped gently into slot number twenty-seven. As she turned toward John, she saw the lovely young woman standing at the other side of the table. Her hair and eyes were dark; her gown was of an era which passed into history fifty years ago.

Isabel had read about ghosts which haunted draughty English castles. She had heard from friends who knew about such things that Oriental seers sometimes contacted spirits in the other world. But now that an apparition stood across the table from her in the Casino, she was baffled.

"That reminds me," John began. "If we are going to the costume party, we should go back to the hotel and get ready. I know you hate to leave but we'll come back tomorrow."

"No. Let's leave and never come back." She grabbed her handbag and started to put on her gloves hastily.

As John held her chair for her to get up, he whispered, "Do you see that woman in the costume over there? Wasn't she in the play we saw the other night?"

Isabel was almost numb with relief.

"You know, Izzie, I might even buy that bracelet for you, although we didn't break the bank here," her husband hinted as they walked out into the warm twilight.



PRIZE ESSAY

Latin America - A Catholic Challenge

CLAIRE M. MORRISSEY, '54

HE barometer of United States' interest in Latin America affairs has risen steadily in the last decade. To a great extent this is due to our need of their co-operation and support in opposing any attempt at extensive penetration of interests and isms unfriendly to our country within their borders. As a result, there have been many worthy though superficial efforts to understand Latin American civilization as a prelude to improving relations. The efforts, however, have been marked by a definite disregard for the Catholic traditions of Latin American civilization has been the Catholic faith which tints its outlook, colors its thought, and influences its way of life.

The Church has been firmly entrenched in Latin America since the age of exploration and discovery. The Spanish crown, although interested, too, in gold, was deeply and sincerely interested in the spiritual conquest of the new world and worked in close harmony with the missionaries. Each Spaniard regarded himself as a "defender of the faith" and this crusading spirit can be traced back to early Spanish history. During the eighth century, the Moors had conquered and settled in the Iberian Peninsula of which Spain is a part. Then the various petty kingdoms of Arragon, Castile, Neuorre, and others united to drive out the invaders. It was not until 1492 that the Moors were driven out of Granada, their last Spanish stronghold. During the years of

the struggle because of the religious character of the war and the need for preserving Christian unity, the Spanish monarchs had acquired from the Holy See many special privileges pertaining to the government of the Church in Spain. These privileges, which are referred to as the "patronata," included the right to appoint bishops and archbishops, and were extended to the colonies in Latin America. All things were subordinate to the Spanish monarchs who ruled under the theory of absolutism.

In the colonial period the Church and state were closely united in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the aboriginal inhabitants. Spaniards did not have a haughty consciousness of race and freely married with the natives. The Spanish civilization had a humane and progressive spirit. The territory was divided into political sections of vice-royalties and captaincies-general because Spain recognized the fact that her possessions constituted a congeries of regions that required individual attention. The continent was broken into natural sections by a geography of towering mountains, broad rivers, dense jungles, and sheer immensity of area. In spite of such obstacles, Spain accomplished wonders, due in no small part to the work of the Catholic missionaries.

The annals of Church history are bright with the achievements of the missionaries in the colonial period. Father Las Casas brought glory to the Church by his struggle for justice on behalf of the Indians. He undertook and accomplished the monumental task of compiling a History of the Indies. Reverend Euseleia Kino, the Jesuit pioneer in California and the Pacific coast, was the first to prove that California was a peninsula not an island. He worked among the Pima Indians civilizing and Christianizing them. The Jesuit reductions of the Indians in Paraguay and Uruguay inspired a spirit of self-reliance in the natives that endured even after

their teachers were expelled in 1767. The Indians were attached to the padres and had the utmost faith in the altruistic motives of the missionary. Bishop Cresencio Carillo Rejon y Ancona of Yucatan was an outstanding historian of the new world, and his History of Yucatan is still a standard book of reference. The diaries of the early missionaries are sources of historical data and these religious pioneers made valuable contributions to the sciences of geography, ethnology and philology.

In the field of education Latin America owes the Church a great debt. Before the founding of Harvard, the Church had established three universities in Latin America for the education of the Indian youths. In 1539 the Church introduced the printing press into Mexico City.

It was really the missionaries who suffered martyrdom at the hands of hostile Indians who fanned the apostolic flame. Others were greatly inspired by their heroic sacrifices and desired to imitate them. The fervent faith of the missionaries left an enduring impression in Latin America.

When the Spanish people fought for independence, the position of the Church became crucial, as it had been allied with the old regime. For three centuries the Church and state had co-operated in the task of colonizing, civilizing and Christianizing. With the disruption of this tie, the Church inevitably suffered. To its detriment, the Church was forced to share in the general chaos and confusion of the ensuing period of political anarchy.

The new governmental regimes, in due need of money to strengthen their position, attacked the wealth of the Church which it had acquired through the years by gifts and tithes. The consequent meddling of civil authorities in ecclesiastical affairs and the abuses heaped on the Church were basic causes of the mistake that is felt today by the Church in

Latin America—the failure to train a native clergy. The real strength of the Church in any country is to be found in a strong reserve of native clergy. In Latin America young men had little opportunity and less encouragement to study for the priesthood after the wars for independence. The abject poverty of the masses of the people was not conducive to fostering religious vocations.

Another cause of the weakened position of the Church after independence was the violent rage of liberalism and Freemasonry that shook Latin America for almost one hundred years from the beginning of the nineteenth century. Both these anti-Church influences stemmed from, and were similar to, the movements prevailing at the same time in Europe. Both had their roots in the anti-Christian principles of French deistic philosophy which made the nineteenth century a time of great prejudice. In Latin America liberal minorities in deeply and traditionally Catholic states were able to enact laws against the Church. The property of the Church was confiscated, religious orders were suppressed, and marriage was secularized. Education, which had been under the jurisdiction of the Church, was made a state monopoly. The laws provided for religious instruction in the schools but did not provide the religious teachers to administer them. As a result, religious instruction in the home had to do what it could to offset a continued and virulent antireligious indoctrination in the schools. This is true even today.

In Mexico, the Church has been violently persecuted. Religious orders were suppressed and the Church was driven underground. But it was the Mexican people who kept their faith alive in the enforced absence of the clergy. Many turned their homes into Eucharistic centers and had papal approval to administer Holy Communion to themselves.

Many were even forced to suffer martyrdom for the faith they refused to renounce. Instead of weakening the Church, this persecution on the contrary has strengthened the Church and given it new vigor to reassert its position. The Mexican youth movements were the most significant factors in thwarting the persecutions.

Since Latin American states have achieved their independence, all of the republics, with the exception of but a few, have been characterized by a seemingly endless series of upsets and aberrations, dictatorships and "coups d'état." The civil state has been unable to establish that essential authority based on respect, which is the foundation of all stable political organizations.

During the crises the Church has had to undergo in Latin America, it has had very little help from North American Catholics. Herein lies a challenge to Catholics of today. Catholic lethargy and indifference to the plight of the Latin Americans has contrasted with the positive proselytizing activities of other sects. The Latin Americans deeply resent being referred to as a mission field because they have been imbued with the Catholic faith for years.

It is in the deeply rooted Catholic traditions of Latin America that the opportunity and prerogatives are given to the Catholics of the United States to take the lead in the Good Neighbor Policy. The establishment of a Bureau of Inter-American Collaboration within the National Catholic Welfare Conference has aided the spread of Catholic social doctrine in Latin America among the rural populations. The most effective medium for promoting knowledge and appreciation of Latin American and American national cultures is through exchange students. North American Catholics can show these students that democracy and freedom are not the prerogatives of paganism, that there is

no necessary connection between social reform and anticlericalism. Students of these Latin American countries can and should see the work of the Catholic church at every level of society. It is imperative that Catholics in the United States make a most favorable impression on these Latin American exchange students because they are going to have a dynamic impact on the future of the Church in Latin America. Catholics must help give new life to the faith in Latin America so that it will be a strong, steady, militant Catholicism, able to resist laicist secularism and anti-Christian philosophies.

The challenge is up to Catholics, whether or not the Cross of Christ or the Hammer and Sickle of Communist world aggression is to be triumphant in Latin America.

THE MESSAGE

Claire DeLay,'55

When I recall the days of Christmas past,
It seems to me that only children know
Its ageless meaning. Men, though steeped in woe
That scars the world with wars, still stand aghast
And scorn the One Who, like a sturdy mast
That rises high above the deck, can show
The sick and weary crew the way to go;
For only He can scan the ocean vast.
When holy peace and worldly health invade
The hearts of men, now cold and blank like sheaths
Of ice that tightly lock in frozen vaults
The rippling lakes, then hate will slowly fade
Like blossoms children gaily plait in wreaths,
And love, the Christmas spirit, hide all faults.



Rest Ye Merry, Glamour-girls

KATHARINE GILL, '54

The Holidays are coming. I mean Christmas. The reason for confusion is that I've been reading a couple of the smart magazines, which offer detailed instructions on how to have Fun during the Holidays. Fun. That's their word too.

According to the girls who write these magazines, I could really transform me between now and December 25. The trouble is, I'm all a-dither about what to give people on Christmas, and that will "mar . . . [my] holiday mood." I'm told to "toss away . . . those little scraps of paper," because they know just the present for everybody on my list. They suggest wonderful things, all photographed in lovely enticing colors: gilded pencils in a leather pencil-case with a sharpener attached to it, leopard-covered jewelry, men's ties made from African or Indian material, a petit-point-covered cigarette lighter. These things would be bought by sending away for them.

Then I could start on my face. The Glamour-girls asked me if I have been neglecting my beauty routine, and I certainly have. This is the year of the dull-white face; as fate has it, I'm a shiny pink. But if I could make my eyes look right, and hold my hand over them with the fingers spread apart so that you could catch that roguish gleam, I'd be pretty well set.

For Fun I would also have to choose my clothes for At Home After Five. At Home means either mine or my friends', and, from the way the models are dressed, I'd say After Five can be any time before two in the morning. Of course, it's trousers for evening, made of brocade. I would sash my toreador shirt with crimson satin, thrust my feet into slippers modeled after a Venetian gondolier's, and, uniquely, clasp my hunky sunburst pin on my elbow.

Now I'd be ready to entertain. I'd have him in for a soirée with the slickest people I know; we'd light candles together, and he would light my cigarette, and I would smirk and bring on the Nightlife Eggs and he would see me, and when we were married our friends would give us a copper coffee pot.

Well, Glamour-girls, my Christmas is not going to be spent that way.

Do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to throw away my pink cigarettes, and make out a list of presents for the people I love. Because, what is Christmas without a list you make out again and again, as you keep looking for a gift that will give, with tinsel, a little part of your love? I am not going to try to look like mannequins with eyes thirty millimeters from corner to corner. The Christmas faces I love to remember are red from the cold and from laughing. And my Christmas clothes will be a warm dress to be worn early in the morning and something more frivolous for later. When I have my friends in, I do not light candles before them. I know of no one who became engaged at a Christmas party.

Holidays. Fun. I don't need to be told how to enjoy Christmas.

The Fullness of Metaphor

In former days those who entered the soaring Palace of Learning trod on earthen floors in which were abundantly encrusted lucid gems of pure knowledge; in this our age, alas, the neophyte finds a mosaic of mutilated metaphor and a rugged stairway of stumbling style over which he can but desperately struggle his groping way. The master builder of the modern method is not an artist, but an artisan! The bricks (his words) do not fall into place; the colors (his imprecision of expression) blur the delicate image which he is clumsily attempting to convey.

The marks of metaphor mar the countenance of knowledge like the ugly scars of smallpox after an insidious epidemic which has laid waste to the land. Few trees of concentration can root themselves in this soil so barren of the life-giving spring of simplicity. Need we wonder that the quaking beginner in the field of scholarship approaches this land of entangling weeds with dread and faint heart. The exquisite fragrance of tiny mountain flowers cannot waft in the same track with the vile stench of this madness of the modern mentor, metaphor!!! Let us inquire into causes.

Just as in Washington, D.C., Lincoln's benign face, seated on his stony throne, is reflected in the clear waters of the Potomac, so the ideas of the author should shine forth from the limpid pool of his unrippled thought. Is it so? No; rather his idea, like the pearl of great price, lies hidden beneath the muddied waters of clouding figures of speech. The friendly policeman who points the way to the ragged little boys who climb into Abe's welcoming lap has more intellectual reason and passion in this fatherly gesture than

he who vainly attempts to direct us with white glove of redundance into the motherly lap of lofty learning.

When the dear old Irish lady pours her porcelain cup of tea, she has beforehand put the cream into the tiny pitcher (or lemon, as the case may be) and taken the delicate sugar bowl from its place in her fragrant cupboard. As she spreads thick, creamy butter on the thin, crisp slices of cinnamon toast, she has prepared a collation to satisfy her dainty appetite. But the metaphorician presents us with only scarlet radishes, pulled in a moment from his stony soil, when we starvingly demand the banquet of sustaining knowledge. Just as one who is sustained on colorful radishes is bound to have indigestion, we soon find our intellects pricking the sides of our skull, crying out for the real food of which the tantalizing radishes were only an appetizer.

Has it occurred to this individual that, as the too-technical art critic may in his over-scientific examination of master-pieces by a method of geometric calculation miss the essential soul of the painting, so may the instructor over a number of years of supposedly clarifying an involved idea by the use of a particular metaphor, lose the essential idea in its original purity? Let us hope that he begins to suspect so!

Like the raccoon who in the midst of the stream reaches below ice for thin winter fish, we who have been wrapped in the smothering fur of metaphorical text are grasping a worthless prize. And like the baby raccoon who has known only the dangerous safety of his mother's pouch, we ourselves may tend to retire into the warm hutch of comfortable but obscure metaphor. Let us pray that our own style may be always as clear and unmistakable as the icy water of this same stream.

Consider how one's grammar may be stung by the pronged fangs of skulking metaphor. A telling clarification of this

may be more easily grasped by the less undenied of gray matter if they only peer with the fiery green gaze of the panther among the umbrous tangled branches of jungle verdure at the heartrending sight of the misbenighted motorist. Unaware of the lupine wolfishness of the silver strand of road over which his sparkling, new-bought machine is skimming like the milk-white gull over Puget Sound, he gazes with reckless profligacy on the screaming, stark-white words which send ringing their clarion call, GO SLOW, up to the true blue skies. Such the result of our public school system. Consider the pinioned progeny of these men who, heads hanging from the earth-bound cockpit of the rear seat, revolve in their God-given pigmy minds the insidious signs; destined by our materialistic, speed-crazed, merciless society never to know the mellifluous roll of the words, go slowly, on their tiny, pink tongues. It is a heartening thought that little shavers of our own camp will never buckle under this degradation. Such is the work of metaphor.

In summary we may say, the guiding star of knowledge must be true in its crystalline light. We may roam heaven and circumnavigate earth as we search ways to explain the wondrous miracle of human knowledge; but no metaphor can illumine the pathway as can the candle of unadorned language.

> M. C. K. G. M. M.



The Last Letter

MARIE E. HINGSTON, '56

If IT did not snow, he would die. His grey eyes matched the pallor of the sky, as he stared hungrily out the window. He leaned back and streaked a grimy finger through the fog that he had made on the pane, and sighed a sigh that came from the depths of his long impatience.

Peter was seven, going on eight, and the most momentous thing in his mind right now was the snow that would not come. Here it was the day before Christmas, and not a sign of snow anywhere. Christmas could not be Christmas without snow. His mother had told him that last year there had not been any snow until two days after Christmas. But that wouldn't happen this year. It could not.

The back door opened and his father's voice flooded the kitchen. He jumped off the couch in the playroom and tore down the stairs, right into the open arms of his father.

"Daddy, does it feel like snow?" He waited tensely for his answer. But his father shook his head.

"It's a little too warm for that, Pete. Might get some rain, though."

Mutely Peter took his place at the table. He stared at Kathy, who was trying to swallow a spoon, handle first. Kathy was a two-year-old feminine version of Peter, with her taffy ringlets and blue-grey eyes.

"What's the deep thought, dopey?"

Peter looked at Steve. There were times when he did not like Steve, so proud of his five years seniority over Peter.

The conversation was exclusively of Christmas. Secrets were winked, and whispered across, under, and around the

table. Marilou, who had just last week celebrated her first decade of existence, was chief secreteer. Christmas was everywhere, all through the house. The mantel was covered with green, and little angels chorused silently on top of the piano. The candy canes they had made the night before hung from doorknobs through the house. And the tree! They had never had a tree like that. It scraped the ceiling and filled half the living room.

There was, nevertheless, something troubling Peter. It was the bicycle! Maybe he should have told them about it. He knew they would get it for him, but then he would never know. He had to know. He could still hear Johnny Blake's voice scorning him the other day at recess.

"You don't really believe in Santa Claus, do you, Pete? Yey, fellas, Pete thinks there's a Santa Claus!"

There followed a rather heated argument over the proofs for the existence of Santa Claus. Peter was not alone in his belief. As the bell rang, the second-graders agreed to try out Johnny's fool-proof scheme. It was simple. Write a letter, asking Santa Claus for something you want; don't tell anyone about it, and then you'll know on Christmas morning. Peter was a little wary, but he had written his letter, and he couldn't back out now.

"Well, would you like that, Peter?" Peter had not heard what his father had said.

"I said Gram is going to stay with Kathy tonight while we're at Midnight Mass. So we've decided that you can come with us, that is, if you want to!"

"Want to! You bet I do!"

"But that means you'll have to get some sleep before we go. Be in bed by seven o'clock and you can come. A deal?"

"A deal!" squealed Peter, and he was already out of his chair. There was so much to do before bed. He had to bring

down his presents for the family, and put them under the tree. With Marilou's help he had bought everyone something and had even done them up. Then Marilou and Steve would carry theirs down. After everyone else was in bed, his mother and father would put out everything that was too big to wrap. Peter wondered if that were all, if they were the last to pile presents.

"Be sure and wash your neck, Peter."

His mother's voice was mixed with the splash of dishes in soapsuds as it came up the stairs.

By quarter of seven Peter was all ready. He went downstairs in his brand new Christmas Eve slippers and carefully piled his packages under the tree. He stood a moment looking at the tree with its bright lights. Then he ran to the window and looked out at the streetlight. It was not snowing. Maybe it wouldn't, after all.

Everyone else had gone upstairs again.

"Peter,—five minutes."

He had something to do. He went over to the coffee table before the fireplace. He did not insist that Santa come down down the chimney, but he would see the letter on the table, if he came.

He snuggled into the warmth of his bed, and he could still feel his mother's kiss on his cheek. He was a thousand miles away from sleep. He hoped that his mother and father would not see the letter, but they probably would not put on any lights, anyway. He thought of Santa Claus, and snow, and Mass, and candy canes, and soon he was sleepy.

His mother was gently shaking him, as she whispered, "Peter, do you want to get up?"

Her voice was a little strained, and she looked at him carefully, like the first time she took him in to see Kathy, in her crib. "Hurry now, or we'll be late."

Peter hurried. He had to get down to the living room. They would not let him near the tree, so he had to get downstairs before anyone else. He went down the stairs tucking his shirt in as he went. He saw the tree, blackly outlined against the window. He went in.

There was a tiny doll for Kathy, the skiis that Steve had wanted, the shiny figure skates for Marilou. And there on the right was a big, new sled! The winged letters "FLYER" were emblazoned on it in red. He stared at the letters until they were jumping off the sled. Slowly he turned. His mother stood in the hall, with his hat and coat in her hands. Wordlessly she helped him into them. His father held the door open as they all trooped out.

"Well, Pete, looks like you got your wish. It's snowing like a blizzard."

Peter blinked. He had not noticed the snow. There were already almost two inches blanketing the sidewalk. Peter scuffed slowly at it, his head bowed as though he were wearing a millstone. He had wanted so hard for it to snow, but now it hurt him to think about it. He wanted to cry, but he could not. Steve was walking up ahead, telling them to hurry. His mother took his hand and they began to walk faster.

The snow was sticking on his eyelashes, and he raised his head, blinking to clear his eyes. He saw a tall tree with its long arms gleaming white against the dark, black sky. He looked up, and the snowflakes fell on his cheeks which were strangely hot. He could see them coming as if they had no beginning and no end. A big flake closed his eyelid, and he laughed as he reached to wipe his eye. They had come to church, and as they went in the door, he did not feel quite so much like crying.

A Christmas

Come along to our soirée, Now offer no excuse, For we have several people We should like to introduce.

A bit before the other guests, she came, And shyly to the hosts pronounced her name, Then waited timidly, a pink-gowned belle. . . . "I should apologize, I don't dance well At — all," she winced, remembering her toes. The silence told. "Oh, why did I disclose My inability," she thought. "He must agree." She lost her count. "Together, one, two, three." She swayed from side to side, pretending gaiety. The music stopped. Lest her chagrin recur, She found a chair, where he forgot to follow her. Alone, she dared to ask a group, "How's school?" "Oh, fine," they said, and shrugging, turned quite cool. "Will you have tea or coffee?" someone said. "Oh yes, do please," she answered, blushing red. She wished all evening that the hours would flee, And when all ended, thanked excessively.



Suddenly a burst, a bang, a comet ill-disguised!
A girl in red who shouts, "Hey gang! Let's get organized!"
Still in the hall, she claps her hands,
Waves and greets, and finally stands

Soirée

On tiptoe while with much ado
She sings, "Hey Charlie, I'm with you!"
First to the kitchen for a little snack,
"What, this dress nice! This old sack!"
Though she had always liked a twirl
Of red on the somewhat larger girl.

Inside, the faithful group is glowing, "Now this party will really get going!" Exploding upon them, she calls, "A game! That's what we need! You're all so tame!" Forthwith the craven few, The quorum for decorum, queue Up to dance. Soon it's clear to all the rest That Shirl's idea of a guest's Delight is a good old-fashioned community sing. "I bet you all like this little thing!" And they're gathered round as Shirl sings through Every song that no one knew; Then mimicry and jokes incessant Thrown to guests increasingly quiescent. Though some have sought habitual Retreats, they rally round for the ritual Calls at evening's end, the loud-sung whirl Of "What a party! Good old Shirl!"



With cuffs and collars primly set Upon her dress, she towered, Emanating auras of regret For wasted hours. Her eyes pin-pointed underneath Her thick lensed glasses, In airy gestures she bequeathed Her learning to the masses. Grayly groomed, a bit distraught, Nibbling meagre fare, Preoccupied with deeper thought, She asked the couples there, "Do you very often find In despairing hours That you feel some blind Life force, granting you strange powers?" One guest, assuming nonchalance, His eyes of haughty cast, Asked, "Have you read Greene perchawnce?" She shrugged, "Oh, in the past." Only close associates Knew she never went on dates, That she had never learned to dance, That her refusals were pretence.



Entré: a glamor queen a choicest cinema Ilk, eyelashy and black-swathed. The faux pas Is unknown to her. Silent, she stands against the door For full five minutes or maybe more, Her hands arranged with model's skill Just beneath her chin until,

Quite nervous, someone says, "Er, Hi."

"Darlings!" she breathes in the irrelevant sigh

That is her forte. And her escort,

The dim obliging sort,

Melts into the general décor —

Occasionally a "Seen my date?" but never any more.

In the powder room, her fingers press
Against her brow with great finesse,
To show the deepest inner pain —
Then airy "Hi's" that fall like rain
Upon the other girls, she still staring in the glass
Lest, by chance, she should unclass
Herself. Of course they bristle,
But know their own dismissal
And leave her to her task then:
To be the party's all to all the party's men.

Her choice of final prey is quickly
Made, the filmstar type as slickly
Celluloid as she. She gazes, intense,
Then looks away. He fears an offense
And strolls to her for just a word.
A short while later someone heard
Her say, "I was a child until tonight."
"What happened?" "You!" "Gosh, is that right!"
And later still, her escort plies
Another group, "Seen my date?", but sighs
To hear in tones quite chill,
"No, dear boy, she just left . . . with my Bill."



A Day In The Life

MARGUERITE F. X. MOLONEY, '54

MR. PARKER LYMAN walked briskly on toward home, for the day was graying and lately, for some reason, he disliked this noncommittal time of day. He could never have explained it in so many words, but the dark and daytime fusion unsettled him. It rather gave him the illusion of daylight's middle age, of spent desire, of all things without the definition of either fire or ash. And the day had been too good to spoil.

Right from the first it had been good, quite satisfactory since he had entered the office. For about ten years now, Parker Lyman always reckoned his day's beginning from the moment of his entrance into the Whitman Building downtown. Breakfast was purely utility, and though he sometimes remembered the long-ago sweet mornings, in a sharp moment of the night, he had acknowledged for some time that Helen might be anyone at all for all the difference it made in the morning. It was fortunate that Parker Lyman was not given to introspection.

Just then, he was thinking of 9:05 that morning when Miss Cowler had smiled up at him from her typewriter, smiled that delicious smile, and trilled, "Good morning, Mr. Lyman." He knew that few people in this world can really trill, but from all calculations Miss Cowler had been doing it since the age of two; in any case, it was a source of almost unnatural delight to Mr. Lyman. The glow of it wafted him into his own office, in to his own secretary, DearMiss Pritchett. This "Dear" was always applied in thought, but never, oh never, spoken in address. In some moments, say

after patting a stray dog or having a third highball, Mr. Lyman was apt to attribute this division-never-crossed to a certain strength of character, but really he knew that his agent of restraint was the surety of DearMiss Pritchett's averted gaze as her shoestring mouth would press itself into invisibility, and her small pink-rimmed eyes water thinly.

Amazingly though, this morning DearMiss Pritchett must have been a trifle off-balance—from the throat of her perpetual, ascetic black dress bloomed a cluster of brilliant violets. Though she moved about with the same odious efficiency, her magnificent flowers swelled Parker Lyman with a bucolic joy, and sent him finally seeking the public park that afternoon. He sat here till the immodest Autumn color had nourished his spirit, the astringent wind had scooped his mind clear as a shell. Then he went to the Clinton Lounge. There, the discreet smoke slightly clouded his renascent mind. But still, it was in remarkably fresh shape when he returned to the office. It was fresh enough anyway for him to produce a respectable trill to Miss Cowler, and to harrumph a garbled "nicebnchflwrs" to the stoic Dear-Miss.

Now he was walking briskly on toward home, and he saw himself in his own mind. He was a big man, of course, but more ample than heavy-set he thought, and he guessed that if people saw him striding along now with his overcoat perilously unbuttoned, they would think that he was a man of purpose, with a little get-up-and-go. He wasn't Methuselah anyway, that was for sure . . . but Lord, he and Helen had got into a rut . . . just a rut though, that was all, and it would straighten out soon. Helen sure didn't look her age anyway, not a gray hair on her head—he thought a minute—no, he didn't think there was any gray. She always did have pretty hair though. He remembered one night, how many

years ago? Great Scott, it must be fifteen now—in front of that fireplace, and her hair was long then too.

He turned down his own street.

He was glad the neighborhood children were gone indoors. Sometimes it was nice to stroll along and have them all say, "Hi there, Mr. Lyman," but tonight, well, somehow he could hardly picture most of the men at the Clinton exchanging pleasantries with six-year-olds. After all, there was no need to overdo that sort of thing. Now Helen was good at it, Helen . . . Lord, but she had been pretty, and just as smart too . . . easy to forget, so easy, the little things. Little things! Once they were the only things, the brown hair falling against her cheek, and her hands, maybe on a book or something, or the lifting of her eyes. He felt a sudden stab of something within his chest. Tonight, they would go out, that's what they would do, go out to some show, and have a late supper afterwards and come home soft and drowsy like that New Year's Eve four, no six years ago . . . tonight.

Quickly up three steps, and Mr. Parker Lyman was home. "Helen," he called from the hall closet.

"Dinner will be on in a minute, dear." Her voice in answer was siphoned in from the distance of the kitchen. He went in to the clever, impersonal dining room, leaned against the buffet, and planned. First the quiet dinner, and then they would go into the living room, but instead of reading or, or . . . damn it all, what did they do? Well, instead, they would talk together for a long time. Finally they would go see that play at the *Raleigh*. He sat down at the table, and putting his hands flat on either side of the plate, smiled inanely down toward her.

"How is Miss Pritchett's cold, dear?" she said without looking up.

"Cold! Oh . . . Oh fine I guess." He began to eat.

"Have a nice day, dear?" She buttered a roll idly.

He took a deep breath. He called up all the cleverness that he usually reserved for others, and he began. "Say, what a day! First of all, my pink-eyed paramour Pritchett dazzled me with a huge bunch of violets. Can't imagine where she got them this time of year. Obviously, she's trying to seduce me though, don't you think? But the only impulse I had was to take off to the park. Er, what's the matter, something wrong?"

"What? Oh no, no, go ahead," she said, looking faintly surprised.

He continued on at length. She watched him carefully for a while, then smiled a little, and finished eating. Finally he exhausted himself, and finished the narrative lamely with, "Er, what did you do today?"

"I painted." She began to clear away the dishes.

"Oh." This was all he ever said on the subject ever since she had hung a rather shocking picture in the living room, right over his chair too, come to think of it. Well. Of course, he had to remove it. But she was good about it and she never spoke of it again, and somehow the subject was now rather closed to him, this whole idea of her painting. It was too bad. Helen sometimes spent the entire day on that sort of thing now; she had never been too wild about it before, but marriage developed a woman, he guessed. Oh well. He rose from the table and felt his expansive mood returning with the first joys of digestion.

"Helen, let those things go for a while, why don't you? Come on in here and talk." For the space of a sigh he stood nonplussed, wondering what in the world they would talk about, but then he saw the phonograph. He knew just the records he wanted, that medley of dance tunes of years ago,

and that song they had played in that little restaurant two nights after their wedding. Little sentimental, but that never hurt anybody, and besides, it was about time they had a bit more of it around here. Helen came into the room just as the first year-sweet song began. Parker Lyman watched her from his chair, smiling a little, but she went straight to the couch and picked up the book she had been reading the night before.

"Good book?" he said quickly.

"Well I'm sure I don't know, dear, I'm not really into it yet." She did not raise her eyes from the book.

"Oh." Unaccountably, he felt himself a little warm. He decided to speed things up. "Say, what was that I heard your mother say the other day about the new play at the Raleigh?"

"Hmmm? Oh, she said it was very good. It really was too." She returned to her book.

"Oh, you've seen it, have you?" It made him uncomfortable to see Helen raise her eyes with such reluctance. It must be really good, that book.

"Why yes, dear, just Thursday night, don't you remember?"

He paused. The tune on the record was that silly one someone had played all night long that time Joe Pearson met Magda. That was some party . . . they used to double a lot after that . . .

"Well there must be something else around. I thought we could go out somewhere, and maybe supper afterwards; what do you think? How about that picture at the Kent?"

"Oh, Dora Porter and I went to that one just a little while ago. It was a little silly." She turned a page.

"Oh was it? Shame." He shifted in his chair. "Well,

there's always the *Palace*." This time when she looked up there were two lines between her eyes.

"The *Palace*! Oh Parker, you know they never change their feature. I must have seen it three times now." She adjusted her glasses firmly.

"You did, eh?" He riffled through the newspaper for ten minutes, a very long ten minutes, and then finally, "Well, what is it you haven't seen? There are so many things here. Seems as though we could find one to go to." He stopped; she had snapped her book shut, and sat regarding him with the strangest look.

Then she rubbed the bridge of her nose, rose, and said evenly, "I'm sorry, dear, I think I've seen them all." On her way out she flicked the switch of the phonograph.

The room was shockingly still, as though the door had been closed on someone screaming. The television set looked across the room at him. But there would be many evenings for staring at, being stared at by that big eye. He stared at the soft impression her body had made on the couch pillows. Suddenly he pulled the newspapers in closer to his chest, for Mr. Parker Lyman felt the chill of winter.

MASQUERADE

Mary Alma Stevens, '54

I blew off the web of ebony gauze
That screened my ivory face,
And bathed in the sun-stippled leaves that spun
My gold and vermillion lace.

On Icarus' wings you bade me sky-soar, Exploring your kingdom of flax; How could I know your refracted light Would melt my Philistine wax?

EVRRENT BOOKS

Collected Poems. By Padraic Colum. New York: Devin-Adair Co., 1953.

Padraic Colum was born in Longford, Ireland, in 1881; but went to Dublin at the age of fifteen. By 1901 his plays, concerned with social problems, had earned him recognition in the Irish theater. In 1904, AE published Colum's New Songs, which was followed in 1907 by the volume Wild Earth. The music and rhythm in these works show the poet's early training in stage writing; their humanitarian themes reflect the socially-conscious dramatist.

His total work may be roughly divided into four groups: reminiscence, dramatic legend, translation, and poems on traditional themes. The latter is especially typical of Colum, as instanced by the fact that at least one of his poems, "She Moved Through the Fair," has been set to music and is generally believed to be an old folk song.

Perhaps the poet's most striking characteristic is the musical feeling which he achieves through alliteration and assonance:

But she's not tragical—no, not a whit: She laughs as she talks to you—that is it— As paper lantern's farthing candle light Her eyes are bright . . .

Here, a ballad melody lightens the portrait of a drab shop-keeper, in "Reminiscence." Colum also has the ability to produce emotional impact by suggestion. In "She Moved Through the Fair," the speaker describes the girl he is to marry, implying her sudden death. He then dreams that

she comes to him with a message, the poem's startling climax: "It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

Intensity and depth of thought are found in Colum, as seen in "The Plougher."

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's breadth only above them.

A head's breadth? Aye, but therein is hell's depth and the height up to heaven . . .

brilliantly expresses the great gulf between man and the animals.

Padraic Colum's literary fame is not limited to Ireland. His works have been translated into many languages, and he has been president of the Poetry Society of America. In 1952 he received the Academy of American Poetry's award; and the Council of the Irish Academy awarded him the Gregory Medal in 1953, for outstanding work in Irish Letters.

Joan O'Sullivan, '55

The Sleeping Beauty. Elizabeth Taylor. New York: The Viking Press, 1953.

The focus of the story is on Isabella, who seeks to dominate the men who enter her life. A family friend and her own son break from her captivity to find their love in women of their own choice. Isabella, in her complacency, does not have the sensitivity to be aware of her loss.

Part of Miss Taylor's success is due to the strength of her verbs and connotative adjectives, for example, the use of the word blushing in reference to Emily's arms. The sentences are short, thus the action moves quickly. Flashbacks are used indiscriminately, and often destroy the continuity of the action. The style is unlabored.

The charm of the tale lies in the elusive character of Emily.

Through her, the plot rises above the conventional tale of love and jealousy. In her simplicity, she is in direct contrast to Isabella, the woman who secretly bets on the horses, frequents Turkish baths, whose "sagacity is learned from the problem-pages of the woman's magazines." The masculine characters free themselves from Isabella; Laurence by defying his mother through Betty, and Vinny, by romantically forsaking Isabella for Emily.

Miss Taylor has created a provoking set of individuals who weave in and out of each other's lives through the vehicle of a fast moving plot. Except for Emily, they are perhaps more types than individuals, but their unfolding is a task for which the author was most capable.

MARY ALMA STEVENS, '54

An Autumn in Italy. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: Devin-Adair Publishing Company, 1953.

Sean O'Faolain, Ireland's most talked about modern writer, discovered Italy in 1950 and wrote about his discovery in A Summer in Italy. His wide range of literary talent including books on the technique of the short story, a scholarly life of Cardinal Newman, as well as Irish character studies, have all preceded his travel commentaries.

In his recently published book, An Autumn in Italy, O'Faolain sequels his earlier account of Northern Italy with a travel picture of the sunny southern peninsula. The ancient countryside, the old Norman-Byzantine-Romanesque architecture, the slums, the palaces, the sea, but most of all, the people themselves are described in this book. His ability for poignant description vivifies his random journey throughout such places as Naples, Capri, Palermo and Calabria.

He reduces the picturesqueness of this region of travel poster fame to a life "amusing, intriguing, touching, absorbing, exciting but not at all marvelous, extravagant or fantastic." He finds greater edification in a simple ceremony in a small chapel than in the crowded, feverish excitement of the miracle of the blood of St. Januarius. His mixed emotions are at times difficult to understand, and his confusing interpretation is trying on one who expects a simple travelogue. He reads a meaning into the look of an elderly peasant woman, the uniform of a station master, the conversation of a chance acquaintance. However, one is forced to wonder if he has perhaps interpreted these actions in the light of his own life rather than in the light of the environment of these characters. Many of the places mentioned are unfamiliar and O'Faolain does not attempt to clarify their significance.

O'Faolain's descriptive force is appetizing but somehow the main dish of travel and understanding the southern Italian temperament seems over-spiced and not the choicest selection from the Italian fare.

Joan M. Feeney, '54

Choir of Muses. By Etienne Gilson. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1953.

The problem of art and religion is one that has intrigued many people lately, and tortured a few. M. Gilson, I hasten to add, is (not being himself primarily a creative artist) intrigued rather than tortured. François Mauriac, on the other hand, is tortured, because the problem affects himself and his writing; Gerard Manley Hopkins was tortured to some degree by the relationship between these two mighty imponderables. In a novel recently published, *Pathway to Heaven* by Henri

Bordeaux, the protagonist, a young French priest, becomes famous because of his modernistic paintings. After much self-doubt and questioning, he decides that to serve God well, he must renounce art. Very conveniently for all concerned, he drops dead at the moment of the supreme sacrifice. I should have been far more interested in his development subsequent to the renunciation of art; that is where the problem lies. Hopkins attempted just such a renunciation for seven years, but it was not a total one. He still thought continually about poetry, and finally the temptation to write again became irresistible. Mauriac is plagued by the novelist's empathy with even his most evil characters. He has as much as said that it is only by becoming a saint ("purify the source") that the writing of novels is not fraught with peril.

M. Gilson warns, in the final chapter of this book, which could very well be read at the beginning, that "the way of the artist is seldom a road to sanctity," and later: "This really is the problem: does not every great work of art involve to some degree a renunciation of God?" He says further: "It may be that, of all the gifts God gives to man, the most bitter to offer in sacrifice is creative genius. Does God even desire the sacrifice of a gift so beautiful and divine? Divine love appears divided against itself in a heart torn with this agonizing question."

As far as the people about whom the book is written are concerned, it is fairly clear that in serving their art they were largely serving Mammon rather than God. Six couples are examined; each couple consists of a genius and a woman who inspired him to write great works: Petrarch and Laura, Baudelaire and Apollonie Sabatier, Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck, Comte and Clotilde de Vaux, Maeterlinck and Georgette Leblanc, Goethe and Lili Schönemann. Sexual

love, whether consummated or not, is a wellspring, says M. Gilson, of great work:

Is it certain that the genius of the artist is not obliged, for the creation of his most moving works, to have commerce with Pan and the forces he symbolizes, forces which in man find the high point of their flowering in love of woman and the mystery of fruitfulness that envelops it?

It might be pointed out that in no case did the genius marry his Muse. This fits in admirably with M. Gilson's thesis that a Muse possessed is a Muse lost. The details of the artist-Muse relationships are more than interesting, and make absorbing reading. The book poses more problems than it solves, inclining me to wonder whether there is any solution, but so little work has been done on the psychology of the creative artist that hope of a solution to anything concerning the artist is premature. I hope that considerable discussion will be provoked by this book in psychological, theological, and philosophical circles concerning creative activity, art, and religion, and that further opinions will be heard. Meanwhile, if you cherish the ambition to become a Muse someday, you had better read this book. It's full of indirect hints on how to be a successful Muse; a hard job, it would appear, but an engrossing one just the same.

HELEN M. HENNESSY, '54

PEACE-FILLED REVERIE

Claire DeLay,'55

To write of Christmas is to write Of Love, enfolding all of me. Like frost that etches palms all bright And crisp on panes for all to see, So He imprints my soul with light.

Letters From The Readers

Suggested Reading:

Dear Editors,

I should like to recommend to you the reading of Louis de Wohl, a current novelist. Mr. de Wohl is a writer of exciting and inspiring historical fiction.

The theme of all of Mr. de Wohl's books has a religious background. His books on the saints have won him much popularity. Sixteen of his books, published in Europe, were made into films.

These novels, however, are not just religious accounts. They are historical records, of great benefit to the modern student, because of their fascinating and authentic settings.

Sincerely, Marjorie Donovan '54

Some Critical Comments: The Ethos welcomes this opportunity to restate its aims as a literary magazine.

Dear Editors,

Congratulations on the poetry in the current issue of the ETHOS; it was up to its usual high standards. Another bouquet on the reviews of the poetry recordings; this is really a fine innovation.

However, there is one fact I can't seem to reconcile. If practically all the students of the college subscribe to the magazine, why isn't it a more accurate cross-section of the student body?

The current opinion is that only a select few can contribute to the publication. Every effort should be made to

rectify this belief, for if the ETHOS fails to utilize the talents of every student, it will be losing fresh and valuable material.

I don't think that I'm naive in believing that students in departments other than English, can and will contribute material, worthy of the ETHOS, if given the opportunity.

Ed.'s Note: We would like to find the answers to a few of your questions ourselves. If students would cease hiding their talents we would appreciate it, too. We regret that we have not found some of our literary stars; these stars just do not seem to have the time to contribute. We remind them that there is always a box in the lower corridor for contributions to the Ethos. Also, we are sponsoring three contests during the year, in our search for literary talent. We can say with perfect sincerity that all contributions to the Ethos are selected for literary merit only, without any regard whatsoever for the name, major or year of the individual.

Dear Editors,

Please! No more reviews of textbooks! The poetry of John Donne is inspiring, as are the records of Dylan Thomas. But, let us realize that they interest primarily English majors. Yet, there are approximately fifteen other major fields of concentration here at Emmanuel. No English major would be content to spend valuable time reading a review of *The Handbook of Salamanders*. Why, then, is it logical to assume that our natural, social, and secretarial scientists wish to wade through a review of *Three Great Irishmen*, obviously a weighty volume?

The aim of literature is to entertain; therefore, let us entertain. Granted, writing, especially in a college publication, has the right to educate, but must the teaching down the fun? After our intellects have been stimulated by a piece of profundity, give us something light and humorous to make those intellects sing for joy.

Bk. Ed.'s Note: Life Among the Savages was reviewed in outside book review sections as one of the funniest books in recent years. We agreed and boped that our readers would, too. Since the Ethos is a literary magazine, it features books like Three Great Irishmen, which would be of most, though not exclusive, interest to the student of literature. Most of the books, however, are chosen for their general interest to the liberal arts student who is expected to have some knowledge of literature and poetry in addition to that of his chosen field. Sometimes this is more difficult for the non-English major to acquire, and the Ethos tries to be of service here.

Thank you for your interest. We should welcome any suggestions for books to be reviewed, regardless of their subject matter, in the Ethos box.

From our fellow editors:

Dear Editors,

Congratulations to you and your staff on the fine first issue of the 1953-54 ETHOS.

We of the Focus can appreciate all the hard work, the behind-the-scenes preparation, and the rush to beat the deadline that went into its production.

Confident that the literary life of the college will enjoy continual good health in your hands, we look forward to your forthcoming issues.

> Yours sincerely, The Focus Staff

PLYMOUTH HARBOR

Jean A. McDonald, '56

How peaceful is the sound of ships at night
And quiet voices borne through listless air
From phantom vessels gliding out of sight
Beyond the harbor lantern's winking glare
To those heaped rocks that on the blackened wave
Cast a blacker stain. The splashing oars
Slip softly on as through a misty cave
And with the murmur of the hidden shores
Merging their music, till the bell of night
Mutters intonations low and deep
That brood towards shore in fainting flight
Like whispers from the lazy land of sleep.
The oars grow faint. Below the cloud-dim hill
The shadows fade, and now the bay is still.

RENASCENCE

Thelma M. Jamieson, '54

Begin anew!
And oh my love,
How sweetly doth the freshness shine
And cling to life.

Immortal ways have passed me by,
And left all songs unsung for me;
But I shall carol ere I die
And walk undreamed-of paths, with thee.

THE ETHOS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE ITS ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST

All Members of the Student Body Are Invited to Participate

CONTEST RULES

- All poetry should be submitted no later than January 4th.
- 2. Contestants may submit more than one poem.
- 3. The poetry may cover any subject and be of any length.
- No names should appear on the manuscripts
 — contestant will please enclose name in a sealed envelope attached to her poem.
- 5. If a contestant submits more than one entry, only one envelope should be attached to the combined manuscripts.

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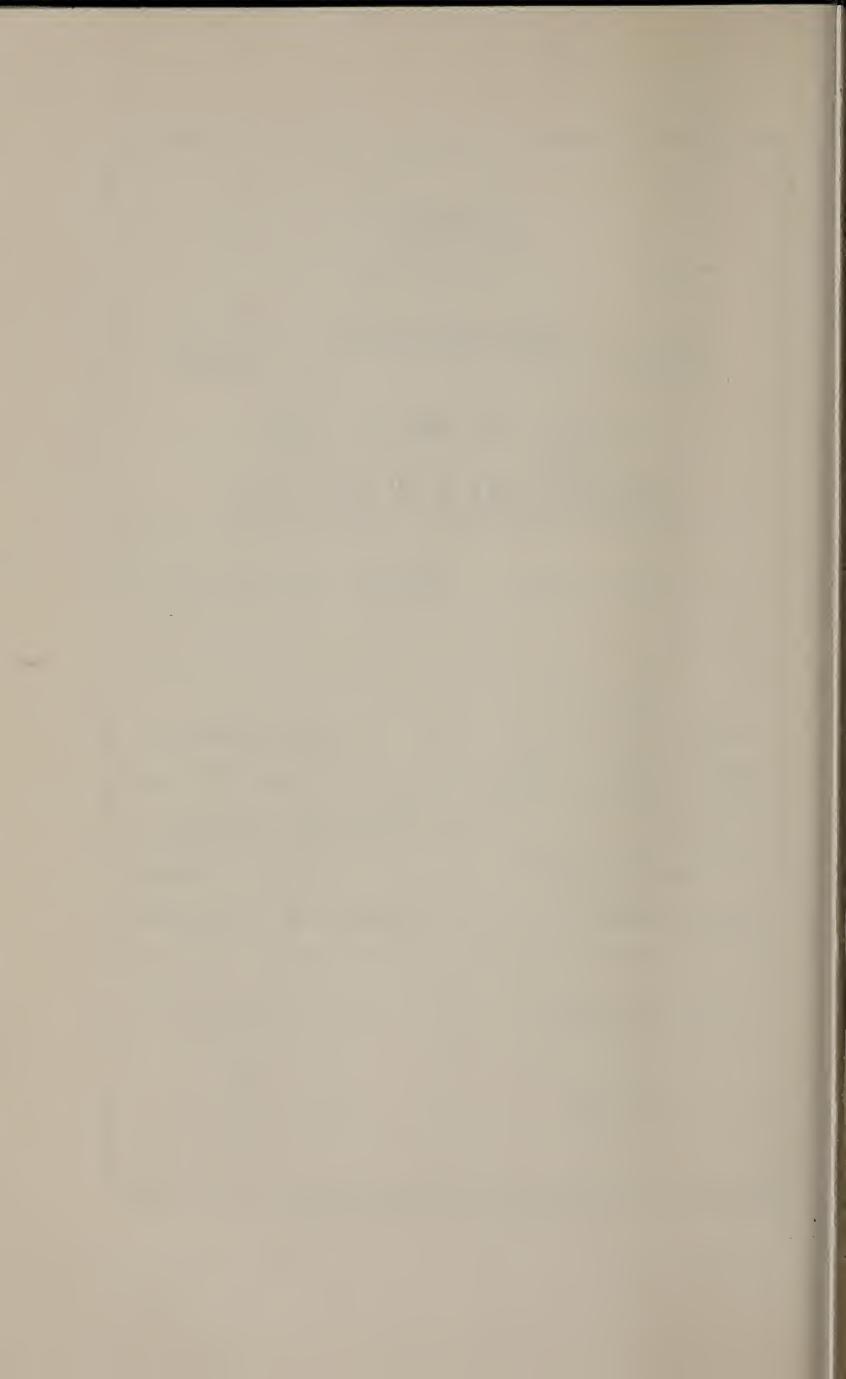
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EMMANUEL COLLEGE

Ethos

February, 1954

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Inside Out

Our spotlight in this issue of the Ethos is on you, the members of the student body. This month we are asking each one of you to vote for the one article in the magazine which you think deserves the most approval. To the writer of the article which receives the most votes, the Staff will give special mention, an Ethos pin. In this manner we hope to be able to determine which type of writing you prefer, and to acknowledge the ability of the student who pleases you.

In this issue you will find a poem in memory of Dylan Thomas, a late Welsh poet. We have included, also, a critical analysis of several of his poems, so that you may keep posted on the most recent poetry movements in this decade.

Three short stories, by Claire DeLay, Marie Hingston, and Ann Flynn, appear in this month's ETHOS. If you have read the stories of these creative writers, which have appeared in former issues, we are sure that you will want to read their latest fiction.

For your Lenten reading, Helen Hennessy has continued her series of translations from the French poet, Paul Claudel. The *Current Books* department has devoted most of its reviewing space to recent novels, specifically to fiction by Ann Petry, Nicholas Monsarrat, and Dylan Thomas.

The ETHOS boasts of two new directors of publicity, Nancy Breen and Rosemarie Murphy, who have been, and will be, informing you of the ETHOS activities. Publicity requires much work and talent, and we hope that you will encourage them.

The Staff extends a special thank you to Grace Gelt, who drew the symbolic composition linking the Presentation in the Temple with the Redemption.

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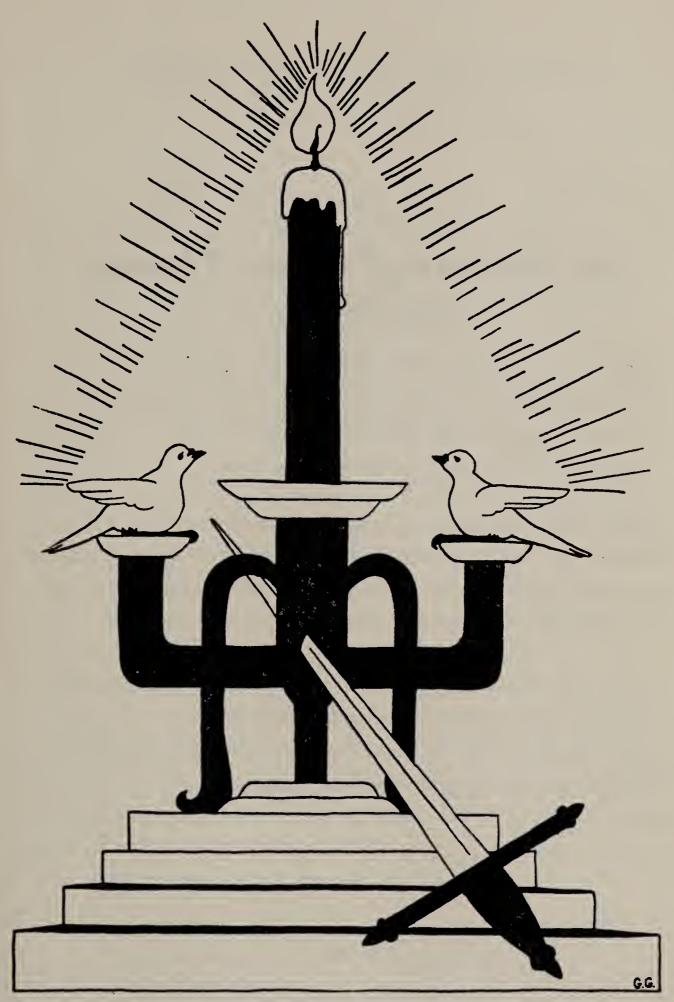
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And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. Luke: 2, 35.

In Memory of Dylan Thomas

Nancy Sheeban, '55

Only a dream ago, when Welsh hills were Yet young under young feet, you walked in their Greenness, gathering beauty in your grasp, Giving it, golden, to a wanting world.

Your song symbolic, prophetic, and strong, Stirred the hearts of the hills with timeless tales, Of Life, of Death, as from their crudity and Conflict you shaped the peace which is a poem.

Long the moon lengthened, the light raged, then failed, Against the darkness of death's dominion, And humble hills reclaimed you, where you walked Only a green and golden dream ago.

Dylan Thomas, 1914-1953

Helen M. Hennessy, '54

THE sudden and premature death of Dylan Thomas has caused an upsurge of interest in his work. Until Thomas' recent lecture tours in America, tours which left him (according to a British obituary) "exhausted and drained of creative energy," he was hardly more than a name to most Americans. Because we believe that he is one of the greatest contemporary poets, we wish to comment here on some of his work to suggest to others that his poetry is worth knowing.

Dylan Thomas was born in Wales, and attended the Swansea Grammar School, where his formal education ended. During his life he held various jobs; he was a reporter, a journalist, a reader for the B.B.C., a film-script writer, and, during the war, an anti-aircraft gunner. In 1939 he married Caitlin Macnamara of Dublin, and made his home in Laugharne, Camarthenshire, Wales.

Although the earliest dated poems we have seen were written when Dylan Thomas was fifteen, his first book, Eighteen Poems, was not published until 1934. Eighteen Poems contained none of the earliest work: all of the poems included were written when Thomas was nineteen or twenty. Some of these are among his best work:

Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides;
And, broken ghosts with glow-worms in their heads,
The things of light
File through the flesh where no flesh decks the bones.

Other volumes (Twenty-five Poems, New Poems, Deaths and Entrances, The Map of Love) followed the first, and Thomas' reputation spread. In 1946, with the publication by New Directions of his Selected Writings, he became known in the United States not only as a poet, but also as a short story writer. His books received mixed reviews at first, but more recently the critics have been favorable to the point of effusiveness.

It is a true but much-belabored point that Thomas was influenced by Joyce, Freud, and the Bible. It is hard to separate the influences from their complex interrelationships in the poems, but it is very clear that Thomas used Freud's dream symbolism extensively. For readers familiar with Freud, the symbols add a tremendous emotional impact to the poems; for those unacquainted with Freudian theories, the recurrent images of rods, caverns, urns, bolts, hammers, etc. are puzzling and disturbing. The interested reader has only to look at any standard work on Freud to clear up the confusion.

However, there are few other poets whose individual poems become so much clearer in the light of their total work. Each poem by Dylan Thomas relates in some degree, in meaning or imagery, to another, and each is a bridge of understanding to another. Some are grasped to a great extent on the first reading, as is his statement of dedication:

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

Others are almost impenetrable on first sight, but after several readings and the help of a critic, perhaps, these yield additional meanings.¹

The Biblical images used by Dylan Thomas are usually not recondite:

Incarnate devil in a talking snake,
The central plains of Asia in his garden,
In shaping-time the circle stung awake,
In shapes of sin forked out the bearded apple,
And God walked there who was a fiddling warden
And played down pardon from the heaven's hill.

The most prolonged use of images from the New Testament comes in the ten sonnets tracing the life of Christ. In one sonnet, Christ speaks of his death, saying:

This was the crucifixion on the mountain,
Time's nerve in vinegar, the gallow grave
As tarred with blood as the bright thorns I wept; . . .
This was the sky, Jack Christ, each minstrel angle
Drove in the heaven-driven of the nails. . . .

Religious images of chapels, bells, spires also recur, as in the elegy on the death of Ann Jones:

But I, Ann's bard on a raised hearth, call all
The seas to service that her wood-tongued virtue
Babble like a bellbuoy over the hymning heads,
Bow down the walls of the ferned and foxy woods
That her love sing and swing through a brown chapel,
Bless her bent spirit with four, crossing birds.

The sense of the supernatural is invoked in the description of night as holy and surrounded with religious mystery:

A hill touches an angel! Out of a saint's cell The nightbird lauds through nunneries and domes of leaves

¹See Auden and After by Francis Scarfe, for analyses of some difficult poems.

Her robin breasted tree, three Marys in the rays.

Sanctum sanctorum the animal eye of the wood

In the rain telling its beads, and the gravest ghost

The owl at its knelling. Fox and holt kneel before blood.

The influence of James Joyce and Hopkins is shown in the unusual word, the unorthodox syntax, which at times become almost incomprehensible:

Pluck, cock, my sea eye, said medusa's scripture, Lop, love, my fork tongue, said the pin-hilled nettle.

Hopkins' "Jack, joke, poor potsherd" is manipulated to become "My Jack of Christ born thorny on the tree. . . . "

But the discussion of Hopkins, Joyce, Freud, and the Bible, however entertaining, is apt to detract from the plain fact that Dylan Thomas is anything but a mosaic of "influences." He is, as every good poet is, entirely himself and no one else.

He has skirted a thousand traps: how many poets have written as well of nature and the animal world without the pathetic fallacy becoming oppressive?

Hoo, there, in castle keep,
You king singsong owls, who moonbeam
The flickering runs and dive
The dingle furred deer dead!
Huloo, on plumbed bryns,
O my ruffled ring dove
In the hooting, nearly dark
With Welsh and reverent rook,
Coo rooing the woods' praise,
Who moons her blue notes from her nest
Down to the curlew herd!

The imagery applied to animals and to the world is consistently powerful and often startling in its originality, as in his evocation of night:

Night and the reindeer on the clouds above the haycocks And the wings of the great roc ribboned for the fair! The leaping saga of prayer! And high, there, on the hare-Heeled winds the rooks

Cawing from their black bethels soaring, the holy books
Of birds! Among the cocks like fire the red fox
Burning! Night and the vein of birds in the winged, sloe wrist
Of the wood! Pastoral beat of blood through the laced leaves!

Dylan Thomas' metaphysical phrases are equally expert:

Time, the quiet gentleman Whose beard wags in Egyptian wind. . . .

Although he is eminently successful in the rhetorical manner, some of his more self-contained poems make as deep an impression:

What's never known is safest in this life. Under the skysigns they who have no arms Have cleanest hands, and, as the heartless ghost Alone's unhurt, so the blind man sees best.

Love, death, and generation are the mainsprings of Thomas' poetry. Love can be robust in possession, when the poet describes the country girls:

Who once in gooseskin winter loved all ice leaved
In the courters' lanes, or twined in the ox roasting sun
In the wains tonned so high that the wisps of the hay
Clung to the pitching clouds, or gay with any one
Young as they in the after milking moonlight lay
Under the lighted shapes of faith and their moonshade
Petticoats galed high, or shy with the rough riding boys. . . .

or sad at loss, as in On a Wedding Anniversary:

The sky is torn across
This ragged anniversary of two
Who moved for three years in tune
Down the long walks of their vows.

Now their love lies a loss

And Love and his patients roar on a chain;

From every true or crater

Carrying cloud, Death strikes their house.

Death can be hated as an ending:

Do not go gentle into that good night, Old age should burn and rave at close of day; Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

or welcomed as a beginning:

And freely he goes lost
In the unknown, famous light of great
And fabulous, dear God.
Dark is a way and light is a place,
Heaven that never was
Nor will be ever is always true,
And, in that brambled void,
Plenty as blackberries in the woods
The dead grow for His joy.

Generation is seen as the beginning of life:

I who was deaf to spring and summer, Who knew not sun nor moon by name Felt thud beneath my flesh's armour As yet was in a molten form, The leaden stars, the rainy hammer Swung by my father from his dome.

and the first cruel step towards death, as a mother says to her unborn child:

'Rest beyond choice in the dust-appointed grain,
At the breast stored with seas. No return
Through the waves of the fat streets nor the skeleton's thin ways.
The grave and my calm body are shut to your coming as stone,
And the endless beginning of prodigies suffers open.'

It is this contrast in view which provides, in many poems, the tension necessary to a work of art, the conflict requisite for the making of a poem:

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees Is my destroyer . . . And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

In the technical aspects of his poetry, Dylan Thomas is as much an innovator as in his subject matter. Many of his poems are organized not by feet, but by syllables. In *Poem on His Birthday*, for example, the odd numbered lines of each stanza have six syllables; the even numbered lines have nine.

I hear the bouncing hills
Grow larked and greener at berry brown
Fall and the dew larks sing
Taller this thunderclap spring, and how
More spanned with angels ride
The mansouled fiery islands! Oh,
Holier then their eyes,
And my shining men no more alone
As I sail out to die.

The pattern is kept throughout the poem, and gives the strange and pleasant impression of absolute rigidity of form coupled with absolute freedom of rhythm. The rhyming strengthens the impression: the rhyme scheme is, throughout the poem, ababcdcdc, but half rhymes abound, and true rhymes are scarce.

However, it is not for themes, for influences, for technique that we say that Dylan Thomas is a poet worth reading; it is for the same quality that Hopkins found in Henry Purcell:

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear, Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might nursle: It is the forgèd feature finds me; it is the rehearsal Of own, of abrupt self there so thrusts on, so throngs the ear.

it is for the individual experience of re-creation that every good poem gives, the experience of knowing, for a short time, what is real, what is true, what is.

Experience

Rosemary A. Donobue, '55

With Innocence my architect
And Faith at my command,
I built a lovely citadel
Upon a hill of sand.

While Wisdom wept to view the waste And foolishness of youth,
I saw my golden towers rise—
Obscuring all reproof.

Soon Innocence and Faith were crushed
Beneath that ruined dream,
But I shall raise them up to plan
Perhaps a wiser scheme.

A Woman's Work

Ann T. Flynn, '56

MRS. HOPKINS suspended one hand dramatically over the large green mixing bowl. With a swiftly flowing motion she cracked an egg on the rim and held the split oval above the center. She watched the yellow ooze and the white dribble slowly down and settle on the bottom with a juicy "plop." The egg sat in the bowl with queenly dignity. It crowned the flour like a gold tiara above a white velvet ruff. But not only the flour formed the substance; hidden behind the smooth white uniformity were several other ingredients: baking powder, salt, baking soda. She cocked her head to one side and admired the contrast between the glistening, intense ochre yolk and the stolid, blanched flour.

With the polished dexterity of an experienced cook she mixed the batter. Round and round, up and down the sides, the white rubber spatula relentlessly whipped the creamy mixture into homogeneity. For a cake to be successful, the batter must have a consistency throughout. This takes time and beating, and this woman knew the secret of a successful cake.

Mrs. Hopkins enjoyed cooking. She was never so happy as when she was alone in her kitchen mixing something. It gave her a certain sense of pleasure, a certain sense of power to be able to make something original out of raw material. She almost felt like God. Mrs. Hopkins liked to cook.

She was practicing economy this week: she was creating not the rich, velvety glory of a devil's food cake, nor even the lofty serenity of the noble sponge, but rather the simple homeliness of a plain white cake. As she stood by the sink, her arm an automatic piston, Mrs. Hopkins hummed tunelessly as she gazed out the window. Her view was anything but cheerful. Autumn with its merciless hands had divested her yard of any pleasing aspect. The apple tree to the left stood forlorn. When she had first come to this house as a bride, twenty years ago, the tree had given promise of great fecundity. Now it stood barren, never yielding any fruit, but only drear hopelessness. The grayish-brown soil was littered with brittle yellow leaves. A mulch pile rotted near the gate. Mrs. Hopkins stared at it now.

"I'll have to bury that under one of these days," she mused, "if I don't do it, it'll stand there forever."

The arm ceased its monotonous revolutions.

"Guess that's done. Not that anyone'll appreciate the work I put into it," she sniffed. With a judicious eye and a light hand she tipped the bottle of vanilla and let a few drops trickle in. A few more whirls and the cake was completely mixed. Deftly she opened the oven door and slipped in the cake; just forty minutes and it would be done.

Gathering together her cooking equipment, she plunged the sticky utensils into a pan of hot, soapy water.

"Just can't stand to see dirty dishes laying around," she muttered to herself, "can't see these women who let their houses get sloppy while they're out gallivanting after flighty things."

She seized a spotlessly clean dishtowel and soon relegated the offending ware to the realm of order which was the kitchen closet.

Mrs. Hopkins stood in the middle of the floor and surveyed her domain. The cake was baking; the plants were watered; the floor was swept; the dishes were disposed of; the house was immaculate.

With an air of smug complacency she settled in the rocker. Back and forth, to and fro, the motion continued for about two minutes.

"What am I doing sitting here like someone with nothing to do!" Dismayed, the woman jumped from the chair and seized her sewing basket. It was not a real sewing basket at all, just a worn, blue cookie tin. Daniel, her husband, had wanted to buy her a nice new wicker one with a bright red silk lining last Christmas, but she had ridiculed him and had said that she needed new oilcloth for the kitchen table more than she needed a piece of foolishness.

The creak of the rocking chair and the soft ticking of the clock were the only sounds heard in the still kitchen.

"Hi, Mother, did you have a good day?"

"Oh! My cake!" Hurriedly she brushed past her husband.

"I almost forgot about it, lucky it's all right." Resentfully, she stared at Daniel. "I've told you a hundred times before not to come barging in here like that. You're the one who always likes to have cake in the house in case company comes, and if I go to the trouble of making it, I don't want someone to ruin it by charging in here like a lumberjack and jarring the oven."

Drawing a long breath she turned away.

"You're home now; that means it's time to start supper. If it isn't one thing, it's another. Take the can out and empty it. It's almost half-full and by the time you'd get around to see it yourself, the rubbish would be all over the floor." Smoothing her apron Mrs. Hopkins turned her back to her husband and busied herself with preparations for supper.

Daniel set the can under the sink. With slow, weary strides he crossed the kitchen. His long arm reached into the pantry and extracted a squat, white cream pitcher.

Delving deeply into the pocket of his baggy brown pants, he drew out a small, manila envelope. Wetting his thumb, painstakingly he began to count a sheaf of green notes. Finished with the counting, Daniel carefully rolled the bills into a cylinder and stuffed them into the pitcher.

"Well, I'm glad to see you can remember something!" A brittle laugh splintered the heavy silence.

Daniel turned deliberately and stared long in the direction of his wife. She met his eyes for a moment and then turned away.

Dragging the rocking chair into the window-alcove, Daniel opened his newspaper and retired behind it.

The door slammed and a young girl bounced into the kitchen.

"Hey, Ma, didya hear-say, is this cake for supper?"

"Yes, I made it for you. What were you going to say, dear?"

"Oh, I met Mrs. Tinker, and she told me to tell you that Alice Downing is getting a divorce from her husband."

"Well I never! And she only married two years! The girls today just don't know what goes into making a good home. Sit down to supper now and tell me everything Mrs. Tinker said."



AJingle on Love

M. F. X. Moloney, '54

Their love was like a cherry round As sweet as August rain, And longest while they never found 'Twas grown on a pit of pain.

They laughed them down the berry days
Onto the lovelock plain,
And barely heard the dry ones' lays
On love's true pit of pain.

Their love's golding mocked the sun
Before they fairly knew:
Two hearts, two hands oft lock to one,
Of souls 'tis not so true.

But two souls in one they thought to be And fell to life's own fate: Searching ground for a shiny key To walls that have no gate,

Till each would longing rather pick

Their hours in the berry-love town,

Till rueful days had leaved them thick,

Till the cherry was bitten down.

But always say of love bereft,
Its child is never lone,
Now that pain is all that's left,
Each has a pit of his own.

Marian Art in the Middle Ages

Sheila Abbott, '55

MUSIC, architecture, sculpture, and painting have always been used by the Church in the fulfillment of her divine mission, and the earliest achievements of Christian art are to be found in hallowed sanctuaries and monastic cells. These attempts date from as early as the second century. The catacombs of St. Callistus and St. Priscilla contain artistic attempts to portray Christ and the Blessed Mother in crude mural fashion.

The Blessed Virgin has been symbolized in art as the perfect mother and woman, mediating between God and humanity. The veneration of the Madonna seems to have found in the human spirit some deep response which transcends considerations of faith or creed. Many of the most beautiful masterpieces in our galleries today, many of the architectural adornments of the great cathedrals, which sprang up in the Middle Ages, have reference to the Madonna. All that human genius could achieve is contained in the cycle of representations which have been dedicated to the Virgin.

While the new social, economic, and religious freedoms in Rome, resulting from the Edict of Milan in 313 A.D., were gradually destroying the imperial style in Roman art, Byzantine culture presented a strangely different story. Eastern in its hieratic concept of divinity as the untouchable, colorful to a degree seldom approximated by the West, the Byzantine style first flowered in the reign of Justinian. In this style, the Virgin was enthroned, holding her Son with the sacerdotal gravity of the priest holding the chalice.

She was the seat of the All-Powerful in the language of the doctors, seeming neither woman nor mother, because she was exalted above the sufferings and joys of life. Neither was any contact established between Mother and Son. Cimabue, a Florentine painter with Byzantine leanings, pictures the grave and majestic quality of this art in his Madonna in Majesty. The child, with hand raised, was already the Master Who commanded and taught.

While the art of the Eastern world had reached its apex, a new era was dawning in the West where there was an intense activity of forces that heralded the beginning of the modern world. In the central part of Europe, Gothic art had met and mingled with the Byzantine tradition. This interweaving of the Western and Eastern trends, further conditioned by new ideas, was to produce an art distinctly different from that of the preceding periods. The early Italian art, originating in Siena, retained the Byzantine formulas, and at the same time endeavored to refine them, to add grace to austerity. Such moderate development of the old style fixed the character of the Siena school, and was magnificently initiated by its great master, Duccio. His elegance in painting is apparent in the Rucellai Madonna, which critics have termed the most gracious madonna that the world had then seen. It retained the stately Byzantine qualities; the slanting eyes, the long nose and fingers, the small rosebud mouth, the flat linear quality, the gold leaf background, and the over-all hieratic feeling. But with these it combined the new attribute of grace.

From the end of the thirteenth century, the artist seemed no longer able to grasp the conception of earlier times when the Virgin was the priestess holding the divine child. With the Renaissance, the artist's conception was colored by the humanistic movements of his time; the Virgin came down from heaven and became an earthly creature. The charming gilded Virgin of the Cathedral of Amiens is well-known, but less well known are the ivory statuettes of the same period. Several of these statuettes are marvels of grace and beauty and give an expression of intimate communion between mother and child which is new, naive, and altogether charming.

In contrast with the semi-precious quality of Sienese art, Florentine art was decidedly humanistic in its choice of subject, and scientific in its search for those indications which most vividly express mass and solidity. The great Florentine painter was often a poet, a philosopher and a scientist; his artistic talents often included sculpture and architecture as well as painting. The changes of thought and philosophy in that intellectually active period reflect in the art of the age. Religious matter became an excuse for painting the artist's friends and patrons. This is exemplified in Gozzolli's Journey of the Magi. One of Fra Filippo Lippi's earliest Madonnas pictures the Virgin as a slight girl with ash-blond hair worn in the elaborate headdress of a Florentine dressed for a holiday. She is burdened with a sturdy son, while the attendant angel is a grinning youngster caught in the intervals of mischief. In this period the Madonna became a warmhearted woman, more likely to be a Florentine model than a mental image of the artist. Quite unconsciously, Fra Filippo had temporarily shattered intellectual formalism and had inaugurated the moral and artistic holiday which is evident in the paintings of Botticelli and Ghirlandaio.

The dawn of the Golden Age brought Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci with their different treatments of the Madonna. Botticelli's work owns the wistful ethereal beauty and the spiritual dreaminess that are apparent in his *Chige Madonna*. On the other hand, Leonardo brings a very realis-

tic and scientific approach to the treatment of the Madonna. This approach can be noted in the perfect composition of the Madonna of the Rocks. Both men brought refinement and precision to a tradition which immortalized the Virgin in art.

Florentines believed that painting had reached its height with Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Raphael. Raphael's Madonnas have been called by critics merely the glorification of an earthly model. His was the cult of physical beauty and his achievements were most successful.

The frequent portrayal of the Madonna is an attribute belonging particularly to medieval art. Although each painting is an individual manifestation of the times and talent of the artist, Marian art in the era as a whole speaks of the religious devotion which spread itself over half a dozen countries. But these paintings did not intensify the religious spirit of the people of that age only; they have vivified the Virgin and made her especially real for all generations.



Two Translations

THE FOURTH STATION: CHRIST MEETS HIS MOTHER

Helen M. Hennessy, '54

You mothers who have lost your first and only child, Remember now that night, the last you spent with him, Hard breathing, and the fever, the ice, the cooling water, And death, the unmistakable, approaching slowly, slowly. Put on his little shoes, and dress him for the last time, They are coming to take him from me, and place him in the ground.

Goodbye, my dear little child! Goodbye, O flesh of my flesh!

The fourth is Mary's station, the fourth is resignation.

She waits at the corner to see him, her poverty's only Treasure.

Her eyes are dry and tearless, her mouth is dry and parched.

She stands and says not a word and watches Jesus come.

She accepts. She accepts again. The cry that springs to her lips

Is stopped and severely repressed in her strong and disciplined heart.

The Mother watches her Son, the Church sees her Redeemer, Her soul goes violently toward him like the cry of a soldier

who dies!

She stands erect before God and gives him her soul to read. There is nothing there in her heart which refuses or which hides,

From Paul Claudel=

Not a fiber of her pierced heart which does not accept and consent.

And like God himself who is there, she stands and watches Jesus.

She accepts, and looks at this Son whom she had conceived in her womb.

She stands and says not a word and looks at the Holy of Holies.

THE THIRTEENTH STATION: CHRIST IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS

Here the passion has ended, here compassion begins.

Christ, on the Cross no longer, is with Mary who has received him;

As she welcomed him in promise, she takes him again in death.

Christ who has suffered in public is hidden in the breast of his Mother.

The Church in her arms forever takes care of her well-beloved.

What came from God, and the Mother, and what Man has made of him,

All this under her cloak is hidden with her forever.

She takes him, she sees, she touches, she prays, she weeps, she wonders.

She is the shroud and the ointment, she is the tomb and the myrrh,

She is the priest and the altar, the Cenacle and the Vessel, Here the Cross has ended, the Tabernacle begins.

The White Fence

Claire DeLay, '55

THIS afternoon I walked through the bright patchwork of sunlight along the old beach road. Rays of warm sunshine threaded their way through the brittle foliage of the pine trees and skipped enticingly across the waves of the bay. I stood against the old white fence that borders the beach club parking lot near the water's edge. My elbows rested on the soft wood that was prickly with flaking paint. Almost unconsciously I began to trace the carved inscriptions which must have been so significant at some time or other, but which now seem trite and silly to a stranger. Then, suddenly, I stopped. I had found my own A. P. followed by the familiar S. L. Memories of last summer flooded back; the memories of events which I have tried so hard to forget during the past months.

I was very lonely then. Soon after Mom's sudden death, Dad was transferred to a new office covering this territory. Although I was used to moving from place to place because Dad's work as a government narcotics investigator caused him and us to travel frequently, I hated even the thoughts of meeting strangers at that particular time. I longed for the autumn to come so that I could return to college and join my old friends again.

Dad's maiden sister, my Aunt Louise, came to keep house for us, leaving me free to do my gardening. I plunged with great determination into the task of weeding the neglected flower beds in the back yard.

The sun was hot that first day. I could feel trickles of perspiration running down my face and neck. My dunga-

rees and blouse were spotted with the rich, black soil that was dry and crumbly from the drought. I was very dirty but also rather contented. I hummed snatches of a popular song as I squatted there pulling up the weeds. Suddenly, a plump, white worm—I think that it is called a grub and certainly the name suits it—squirmed out from underneath a leaf. The slimy body began to wriggle over and around the clumps of dirt toward me. Apparently, I screamed because I heard someone behind me remark, "They scarcely ever attack humans and, anyway, he has already eaten."

I turned to face the stranger, mumbling, "I don't like things that crawl."

Never had I felt so foolish and so untidy. I didn't dare look at his face, but his voice was deep and pleasant as he said, "I'm Stephen Leigh, your next-door neighbor. Tell me, where do you get so much energy on such a hot day?"

Before I could do much more than introduce myself, he continued, "How about going over to the beach club in about a half hour for something cool? It's air-conditioned there."

I accepted his invitation gladly, feeling for the first time in weeks a real desire to do something.

We walked to the club leisurely. There were few people on the streets, but the yellow and green soda-fountain and patio were filled with teen-agers. Stephen introduced me to some of them, but then he slouched down into one of the deep rattan lounge chairs and made no effort to join in the fun himself. I wondered why he had not spent the day swimming with the crowd, when, suddenly, I realized how light, almost sickly pale, his skin was, especially for one with hair and eyes as dark as his.

While I was puzzling over this, I saw a girl across the room beckoning to me. As I walked toward her, she spoke.

"I'm Sandy Barrett, one of your neighbors and Stephen's too." She continued hesitantly, "Perhaps you'll think that I'm a busybody if I say that there are plenty of boys in town whom you will like much better than Stephen."

"I don't understand. What's wrong with him?"

"There's nothing wrong, I guess, but he and his father seem rather queer. They live like princes with a couple of servants, fabulous cars, and private tutors for Stephen."

"His father must have an excellent job." I sounded supercilious, but I already disliked Sandy.

She was not to be silenced so easily. "His father doesn't work at all, as far as anyone knows. That's what is most peculiar. Of course, neither one of them is very sociable so it's hard to find out much about them."

"Perhaps they are really millionaires trying to see how the other half of the world lives," I suggested, rather hopefully.

"Okay," she laughed. "I can take a hint. Maybe you're right, but if you're wrong don't say that I didn't warn you," and she walked away.

When I turned, Stephen was standing at my side. "You didn't finish your soda," and he handed the glass to me. "Would you like to go sailing for a couple of hours? Someone just said that there is a fair breeze out over the bay."

"I've never been in a sailboat in my life."

"It's not too hard, you'll see," he answered as we strolled along the pier.

We clambered into his trim boat and started threading our way through all the craft anchored in the harbor out to the open sea. He was the captain and I, the reluctant crew.

"He's up there on the sun-deck watching us. We'll have to circle around a bit before we head for the treasure in Stealthy Hollow Cove," Stephen murmured cryptically.

I was puzzled and asked, "Who's watching us?"

"My father," he answered as if that explained the problem.

Stephen handled the boat with the same sureness with which he seemed to do everything, but he spoke very little. Following his laconic instructions, I steered a course that seemed to wander haphazardly around the bay. After a while, I learned where to sit to balance the boat properly and how to dodge the boom. I began to feel competent, "I'm beginning to think of myself as the feminine counterpart of Sir Thomas Lipton or some one of the other famous yachtsmen."

Stephen burst into laughter, which surprised me even more than it pleased me because it was the first time that I had seen him smile, not to mention, laugh. The tenseness that had seized him back at the club began to lessen as we finally set our course close to the shore.

"You are now entering Stealthy Hollow Cove where it is said Long John Silver buried some of his loot," he announced in a good imitation of a guide from Cook's.

"Isn't it calm and peaceful here? It seems as if we must be the only living souls within miles." I marvelled at the beauty of the little cove that we had come upon so suddenly, because it was hidden behind a curve in the sandy shore. There were no waves there, only the gentle lapping of the water against the boat.

"During the last war an enemy submarine stopped just off shore, and some of the crew made their way along that little path that you can see leading through the marsh into the munitions plant which is hidden behind the trees. Naturally the guards caught and held them as spies."

He spoke with such conviction that I could not help but

wonder at the story. "What happened to the submarine itself?"

"It escaped, I guess. At least, no one ever saw it again."
"You made up that story just now," I parried.

"Maybe I did." With that he apparently thought that the conversation on that subject was ended. After a few moments he spoke again. "If you happen to collect shells, here is the place where you can enlarge and round out your assortment."

Through the clear water, marred only by an occasional strand of translucent green sea-weed, we saw hundreds of shells. There were some fragile, ruffled scallops and a few slender ones from razor clams, but most of them were the sturdy ash-tray type of clam shell, now weathered and bleached by the sea.

Almost directly under the boat lay an old rusty box.

"There you see the chest that hides the secret treasure," Stephen said. "But we'll have to wait until some other time to raise it," he finished regretfully, "because it's getting late and we have to get back to the club."

At home that evening I told Dad what I had done that day. I suppose that I was very profuse in my praise of Stephen. As I look back now, I realize that Dad feigned disinterest in what I was saying, but, at the time, his indifference irked me because I wanted everyone to share my enthusiasm for Stephen. Actually, I suppose that Dad exercised extreme self-control to keep from telling me his side of the story. He certainly must have wanted to save me from the hurt which he knew would come to me soon, some way or other. At such times, Dad is necessarily the government agent first and loving parent second.

The days that followed were the happiest that I have known. Stephen and I sailed to Stealthy Hollow Cove each

day and joined the continual beach parties at the club. It pleased me greatly to point out to Sandy that Stephen was obviously the best swimmer in the crowd. Yet, it puzzled me that someone so obviously fond of outdoor sports as Stephen should retain such unhealthy pallor. Since I could think of no subtle way to pry the answer from him, I let the matter drop. Mr. Leigh was there most of the time, too. He was rather stout, and his black hair was tinged with gray; he was an excellent conversationalist but hardly ever allowed anyone else to speak.

I never really could understand Stephen's attitude toward his father. Sometimes, he was a model of admiration and obedience; at other times, he maintained an aloof, almost rebellious silence.

Since that night when I first spoke to Dad about Stephen, I had never mentioned him again. Anyway, Dad was too busy on an important case to be bothered by what he apparently considered another of my silly infatuations. I do not mean to say that my father is unsympathetic but there are times when he fails to see things from my viewpoint.

On the other hand, Aunt Louise's reaction was one of earnest concern. For years the only man to whom she had talked at any length was my father, who, as her younger brother needed advice on anything that he might be considering at the time. It was high praise, indeed, for Stephen that she actually carried on a conversation with him like the night of the big dance at the club when I kept him waiting for twenty minutes because the strap on my sandal broke.

I really felt like Cinderella when I finally stepped into his yellow convertible that night. I had never seen this car before, but Stephen said unconcernedly that he had had it for some time.

During the intermission we walked through this parking lot here by the beach because the ballroom had become uncomfortably hot. We leaned against this fence and watched the moonlight on the water. It was almost as bright as daylight, and I could see the tense expression on his face as he seemed to grope for something which he could not find.

At last, he spoke. "Shall we carve our initials here for posterity?" It obviously was not what he had wanted to say, but it was an opening.

"Many things about me have puzzled you, haven't they, Amy?" he began as his pocket-knife pierced the soft wood.

Although I nodded my head faintly, he did not seem to expect an answer because he said, after only a second's pause, "Where shall we begin? My private tutors? I have one of those diseases which attacks me periodically, leaving me too weak to attend school regularly, so I have the tutors come to the house so that I can make up credits. Lately, the attacks have become worse and worse. Sometimes I almost hope that one of them will be the last!"

Suddenly, I looked up from the fence to his face, but he gave me no time to question his motives.

"Where does my father get his money? That's a long story which you wouldn't want to hear. He has a job, or so he calls it. Opinions differ on that subject," he said bitterly.

"I have no right to tell you the rest of the story; it involves too many people and too great a risk. Anyway, I'm not certain that I have all the facts straight myself. Don't believe what people will say when this is ended. They will say nasty things, some of which will probably be true, unfortunately, but don't believe it all."

If he had intended to clarify the situation, he had failed miserably. I was more confused and curious than before,

but I shall never forget the plea in his voice as he begged me to remember only the good things.

When I returned home, the nightmare began. Daddy was out all night working out the solution of a case. Aunt Louise was eager to hear all about my evening. Not to disappoint her, I tried to remember every detail of the dance. In the end, she came into the other twin bed in my room so that I could tell her each detail as I remembered it. In a way, it was good that we chatted and giggled most of the night because I had no opportunity to think about what had happened at the white fence.

As the first streaks of dawn stained the sky, Aunt Louise and I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. The next thing I I heard voices underneath my window. I thought I heard Stephen's name mentioned and I perked up my ears. When I looked out of the window, I was surprised to see a group of people, some of them uniformed policemen, milling around in the street. There was a black car that looked like a hearse, too. I hurried to dress and ran out into the street.

Sandy Barrett was there. When she saw me, she came over. "I'm very sorry about Stephen," she said.

"What happened to him?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought surely you knew. He is dead." Stephen! Dead! No. I had seen him only a few hours ago. Everything was out of focus. Black. Fuzzy.

"Sit here and rest," Sandy soothed me. "You really liked him, didn't you? It's such a pity. Someone said that it was suicide. He could not bear to see his father jailed." Even now she could not resist the urge to gossip. I let her talk without really listening to her. This was what Stephen had wanted to explain to me.

Aunt Louise had come from somewhere and was taking

me back into our house. All day long, she fluttered around, making me eat, making me sleep. First, it had been Mom and now, Stephen. Where was Dad? Had something happened to him, too? I began to panic. I had never felt so ill in all my life.

Darkness came and with it, sleep. Restless sleep. Full of nightmares. Then, at last, I saw Dad's silhouette in the lighted doorway of my room. I slept. A soft, gentle sleep.

"How's my girl this afternoon?"

"Hm-mm?" I mumbled sleepily.

"Are you going to sleep your life away?"

"No," and I snuggled down deeper under the blanket.

"Hey there! If gentleness won't do it, maybe this will." He banged the wall with a book. Suddenly, I was wide awake. Dad was standing next to my bed, holding the book and smiling.

Then his expression changed. "I'm sorry, old girl, that it happened this way." He leaned against the wall. "Alton Leigh, and, to a lesser degree, his son were the reasons for our moving here. Leigh didn't associate with the right people, and the source of his income was doubtful. He had inherited some money from his father but, even so, he was living beyond his means. The bureau in Washington sent me to find the reasons for these and other pertinent facts. Nowhere in the plan was there any indication that you and Stephen would become so friendly or even meet.

"I found that although Stephen suspected his father, he was not actually involved himself. Consequently, I had no valid reason to keep you from seeing him.

"When you told me about the cove where you had stopped the first day you went sailing, I was worried. I had been watching that very cove, trying to tie it in with what I knew of Alton Leigh's schemes. Your mention of the metal box gave me the lead that eventually broke the case.

"Apparently, Stephen also suspected its implication because he checked on it almost every day, but he was too loyal to his father to tell his story to the police. He told you something about a submarine to draw your attention away from it while he located it that day. Actually, Leigh and his associates used it as a mailbox because it had a special waterproof compartment and who would look in the waters of a quiet cove for the messages and shipments of a narcotics smuggling ring?

"Alton Leigh's real love was his son on whom he lavished everything, including a yellow convertible," Dad smiled wryly.

"If he hadn't bought so many things for Stephen," I reasoned, "you might not have suspected that he was a criminal."

"Probably not," he agreed. "Right now, people who have no knowledge of the facts and, most of all, no knowledge of Stephen himself are saying that he committed suicide because he could not face the truth. Nothing of the kind happened. Stephen had suffered silently for a long time from an incurable disease. Last night he had a fatal attack. The police who came to ask him some routine questions found him early in the morning. It's somewhat ironical," he mused, "that his father should have been absent when Stephen needed him most. Alton Leigh was at the jail all night for questioning."

All this happened a year ago. Now all that remains are the initials here in the white fence near the beach club.

Triolet

Jean I. Bresnahan, '55

When inspiration dies
Then write no more, my friend;
Stale words you can't disguise
When inspiration dies.
You can no thoughts devise,
No new ideas you lend;
When inspiration dies
Then write no more, my friend.

Rondel

Claire DeLay, '55

Soft darkness comes on sable wings That pulse and sigh upon the air; And it enfolds the day, as fair As children's smiles, with somber things.

And all around the murmurings
Of nightly creatures whisper where
Soft darkness comes on sable wings
That pulse and sigh upon the air.

To quiet shadows sleep still clings, A moment more and it will tear Away the heavy cloak of care That burdens lowly hearts and kings; Soft darkness comes on sable wings.

Triolet

Marilyn Doherty, '55

If I could see
Beyond the earth,
Wise would I be
If I could see
The foppery
And know the worth,
If I could see
Beyond the earth.

Rondel

Alice M. Fellows, '55

When great Pan pipes his tunes so gay Down by the marshy river lands, The fauns and satyrs dance in bands And revel till the close of day.

Old Triton and the sea nymphs play, Forgetting all Neptune's commands, When great Pan pipes his tunes so gay Down by the marshy river lands.

Wild animals forsake their prey
To join the musical demands,
While all the woodland claps its hands
And even heaven starts to sway
When great Pan pipes his tunes so gay.

Editorial

AN EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

In A letter to his daughter Margaret, Saint Thomas More once praised her for that quality of intellectual curiosity which stimulates all self-teaching. "Your zeal for knowledge," he said, "binds me to you almost more closely than the ties of blood." In this concise statement, Thomas More classifies as "zeal" the disposition of mind which motivates an individual to approach learning for learning's sake. Knowledge need not be acquired for utilitarian purposes; it contains its reward within itself: the building of a capacity to receive.

The idea of Thomas More's statement has been worked over by the greatest literary minds, so much so, that it is unfortunately considered by many to be the hackneyed byword of those persons connotatively labeled "arty"—of the type that supposedly never accomplishes anything substantial. The theory of learning for learning's sake has been the strong stimulant of a liberal arts college yet students seem to have become immune to the injection.

Theoretically, we do believe in the theory of learning for learning's sake, for only by acquiring a quality of intellectual curiosity do we arrive at any sort of mental advancement, whether it be artistic, literary or scientific. But unless we actualize the theory, it is easy to evolve into victims of a mental stagnation that occurs in the precise form of indifference.

An examination of conscience is the only counteraction to a growth of an indifferent spirit. This self-analysis usually takes the form of questions such as: "How many books have I read recently?" "Have I been to any informative lectures?" "What do I know about things scientific?" These are hackneyed and preachy questions, questions which we generally associate with an irate lecture on the modern decline of intellectuality. But it must be admitted that negative answers to questions of this type are danger signals that mental apathy has begun to make us its victims.

Positive action can counteract a growth of mental indifference, and for our efforts in this line, Boston presents two types of worthwhile entertainment. There is the type of entertainment which has always been in Boston and will always, we hope, remain here, such as the Museum of Fine Arts. And there is the travelling type of entertainment which we often miss, and justifiably so, because it comes at an unusually busy time. As an example of the last, we may cite the Viennese Art Collection which visited the Fine Arts Museum and displayed priceless originals by Titian, Rubens and Rembrandt. A painting can never be absolutely reproduced; we can only appreciate the intricate work of construction when we see for ourselves each brushstroke which went into its making. When we see the brilliancy of color which went onto the canvas centuries ago. only then are we able to realize the scientific study which the artist must have needed to produce his masterpiece. The secret of these artists consisted in layers and layers of paint carefully placed on top of each other; the effect is often a transparent glow which seems to emanate from behind the picture.

But the arts are not the only interesting subjects for exhibits and lectures. Have you ever attended the annual display of student scientific research at M.I.T.? One enters the door of the gym and is immediately introduced to the mechanism of the spectroscope, and to the possibilities in the field of medicine, to mention but two. As we examine

the displays, questions arise that expand our capacities for mental comprehension. Will we continue breaking matter into smaller particles; is matter infinitely divisible? Or again, is matter infinitely expandable? It would seem so, for by its nature, matter can be bounded only by matter. For one moment, a partial comprehension of infinity presents itself, and we find science bounded by that most necessary liberal arts subject, philosophy.

We can only look upon our absences from such meetings and lectures with regret, yet we can do something about this in the future. For the best reminder of what is new in the fields of arts and sciences, the best reference is the Sunday newspaper's entertainment section. Here, we can check on what is in the theatres, the concert halls, the science auditoriums. The Boston Public Library periodically issues bulletins on the attractions in the library's lecture hall and audio-visual center.

For seniors who feel that they will be missing the wonders of learning, there are night schools in which anyone may learn the many things for which she often wished that she had time: art, hobbies, writing, literature. A liberal arts college has attempted to arouse in us the zeal which Saint Thomas More so thoroughly commends. The broadening period of education need not be confined to four years. We must use what we have learned to base what we shall learn in the future.

B. A. R.

Robin

Marie E. Hingston, '56

THE room was cold. Bobby snuggled deeper into the thin green blanket that covered his shivering shoulders. Reluctantly the big brown eyes opened, and he looked out the door at the golden light coming up from the kitchen. He could hear Mrs. Murray getting breakfast, and he knew it would be warm down there. He liked Mrs. Murray; she lived next door and came in every morning to get Bobby off to school with something hot in his stomach and a kiss on his cheek.

His cropped brown head was slowly emerging from the bed as she appeared in the doorway.

"Hurry, Bobby. The oatmeal is almost ready."

Bobby stuffed himself into his clothes and performed a reasonable facsimile of washing his face. He took the stairs at a swift trot and dropped into his chair at the table. His little body absorbed the warmth of the stove as he gazed at Mrs. Murray's pink face surrounded by damp, grey curls.

He gulped the cereal and began to feel better. As his body stopped trembling, he realized that his father was not up yet. He remembered hearing his heavy breathing in the next room while he was dressing. He hoped his father wouldn't be late for work. He thought of the times when he came in late, stumbling and making a lot of noise, like last night, and then had slept almost all the next day. Bobby wanted to see him before he left; he loved his father, and he didn't want him to be sick again. They had such good times together, when he wasn't sick. His father was the one person he could really enjoy himself with, without getting scolded. He felt dead inside when his father was sick.

Bobby put on his hat and coat and took the lunch from Mrs. Murray. He ran back to his room to get his spelling card. They were going to have a test. He was just going downstairs again when his father's door opened.

"Bobby, don't forget, the television set is coming today. I'll come home early, and we can watch it together. O. K.? Be good now. Bye!"

Bobby had forgotten. But he was glad his father hadn't. They would watch the new set together. He could hardly wait to tell the kids. It was wonderful.

He was in school before he knew it. He had decided to tease Jerry about his new secret. Jerry was his best friend, and he had to know everything. Bobby managed to keep it in until after the spelling test. But then it came spilling out, as he nearly fell out of his chair telling Jerry across the aisle. He was just about to tell about his father when he was sternly interrupted.

"Robert Kaminski, will you stop talking!"

Bobby was shocked. He stared at the teacher in hurt amazement.

"Take out your folder for open house, Robert, and make sure you have all the papers in it that you should have."

He fumbled in his desk and finally brought it out. One of the corners was turned up and there was a glue smudge on the back of it, but he had made it all by himself, and he was proud of it. His name was on it, in big yellow letters. They looked nice on the green poster paper. He had used his nick-name, because it fitted on better. He stared at the letters spelling "ROBIN." That was what his mother called him. He wished he hadn't remembered that. It made him feel awful to remember it. He thought of the last time he had seen his mother.

It had been a green and yellow day towards the end of

summer, and the air had been clean and cool. But he had felt sick. He had gone alone, and he walked the two flights to the small apartment, where his mother met him at the door. His sister Claire was there, too. Claire was fifteen, and went to high school. Bobby thought she was pretty. His mother was prettier, though. He had sat in the high winged chair near the window and felt strangely cold, as he felt now. His mother had cried and kissed him, and then she kissed him and cried. But he hadn't minded. He loved it. He loved her arms around him, holding him tight.

As he sat there, feeling a little too small, she talked to him. She sat on the little footstool and talked to him. She told him how she and Claire would never come home. That always it would be like this. She explained that the judge had told her that she could have both Claire and him living with her. But his father was fighting so hard to keep him that she wouldn't force Robin to make up his mind too quickly. It took a long time to explain, and Robin was unhappy. Then she hugged him again until he couldn't breathe, and his collar was wet with her tears when she let him go. Then she gave him a little medal of the Blessed Mother, and put it around his neck. Since then he had broken it and now he kept it in his pocket, a special pocket. Claire kissed him, and she was crying, too. He did not want to leave, and yet, he did. He knew his father was waiting at home. His mother had Claire, but his father was waiting for him-alone.

He had walked to the bus stop. He had wished that someone were with him, but seven years old was old enough to ride a bus, alone. But he felt worse than just lonely; he felt much worse.

The folder came back into focus, as his teacher brought him back to reality with a smile. "That was quite a transformation, Robert. I've never seen you so quiet."

Bobby looked at her as if she were not there. The three o'clock bell rang, and it brought with it the thought of the television set. He ran almost all the way home, and got there just as Mrs. Murray was paying the television man. It was the most beautiful television set Bobby had ever seen. Mrs. Murray showed him how to work the knobs, and Bobby settled down happily to watch Give-Away programs until supper.

Supper was ready at five o'clock. They waited and waited for his father, but he did not come. So Bobby ate alone while Mrs. Murray did the dishes. He had a hard time swallowing, and everything tasted like sawdust. He could not finish his milk, because it hurt going down. He did not feel like the apple pie that was still steaming before him.

"Bobby, the Western Playhouse is on now. You go watch it. I'll finish the dishes, and then let myself out. You go enjoy your new television set."

He sat in the corner of the couch facing the set. But he was thinking of his father. This was not the first promise he had broken. He knew that he would be sorry. He always tried so hard to make up for them afterwards, but still each new one hurt afresh. He wondered where he was.

But the movie was good and he soon came out of the corner and was straddled over the arm of the couch, digging his heels into the galloping sofa. He was just about to lasso the head of the cattle rustlers when there was a small thud on the carpet. He looked down at the medal that had fallen from his pocket.

He got down on his knees to pick it up, and then sat back staring at it. The Mother cuddling her Baby seemed to smile out at him. There was a swelling and then a bursting inside him and the tears fell in torrents. He pressed his hands to his face to soften the sobs, and the medal touched his cheek. He could not control it now and so he wept as he used to weep, before he had grown too old.

As he sat, huddled in the eerie light of the screen, with the din of battle echoing around his ears, he did not hear the door open and the noisy fumbling for the light.

Impression

Suzanne E. Sylvester, '55

The thoughts of little children penetrate
The things that knowers spend full lives
In futile comprehension. Younger minds
Are unfettered, keen
With newness, fragile instruments that lose
Their focus in a world that grows too fast.



WHENEVER I am asked the field of my concentration, an impish glint comes to my eye and a chuckle to my heart as I reply, "Math and physics," anticipating the inevitable groan and the incredulous, "Are you crazy?"

Math and physics are to most people headaches and remedies. Math is that unfathomable maze of x's and y's which somehow or other has led to the building of our atomic age. Physics is the most drab science. At least, this is the common opinion.

Actually, math is as fascinating as a chess game, as challenging as a good bridge hand.

Physics is a science, colorful, beautiful and eminently practical. The principles of mountain top cookery are basic to the study of heat. Screws, wedges, levers, wheels, the most fundamental of machines are found in combination or singularly in electric appliances, doors, boats, jacks, pianos, baby carriages, and every other useful thing. Mechanics is the teacher of ease to the modern housewife.

Sound assails us on every side. The biggest single problem faced in the home, factory, church and streets of today is ever present noise. This racket can be greatly diminished by the proper application of physical principles.

Sound can be beautiful. All the magazines and radio manufacturers have been extolling the virtues of Hi-Fi. What is wrong, how can music be better, what on earth are "harmonics?" A few hours a week will unveil these mysteries and also give one some sound suggestions for the

improvement of the halls and churches where good speakers speak unheard.

God gave man eyes, the windows of our souls. How do we see and what do we see? The mysteries of color have intrigued man since Eve first wore a rose in her hair. The romance of the rainbow, the beauty of the sunset are more profoundly interesting and appreciated when one learns how a little vibration started out from the sun and battled its way through shields of gases, travelled across blank, cold infinity to dive courageously into another shield of gas to become something most beautiful.

The most awful pressures on a sheet of plastic or in a machine produce a myriad of colorful patterns when viewed through polaroid lenses, the same lenses which protect lovely eyes from the glare and determine the quality of the sugar which goes into a baby's formula.

Because math has no labs or time-consuming term papers, there is time for the cultural side of life in college: music, drama, literature. Through a knowledge of physics one learns how to listen to music. Physics lessens the mysteries of getting appropriate lighting effects for a play. It solves some of the allusions and metaphors of modern writers. Math creates a logician; math, physics and literature, a philosopher.

Marie H. Sullivan. '55



La Ligne Expressive

ONE evening last December, we were roused from slumber by an old and esteemed friend who had telephoned to inquire, in some agitation, if we knew that this was the closing evening of the Exhibition of Japanese Art. No, we responded, but all right, we would go; and a short while later we arrived, bundled in a polo coat and a fringey scarf which we have long considered de rigueur for winter, at the Museum.

The foyer was already crowded and redolent of drying over-shoes. We found our friend in a corner, smiling radiantly as she surveyed the contents of a glass case. We thought it would be a good evening.

"Look!" she said. Some handsomely wrought pieces of silver were arranged against an abstract mosaic, a jewel case and a tea set with amber buds for handles. Although we spoke of our admiration for them, there really wasn't much to say; they had a plainness that seemed like beauty itself. Finally, our friend said she thought we ought to buy our tickets for the big show upstairs.

Upstairs were bright lights, crowds, and rampant intellectuality. We had to pass with averted eyes the desk where the catalogues were being sold; but since there was a girl in front of us who had one, and since we were wormed into line for the whole first part of the Exhibition, we were able to read the introduction and felt that we were not doing too badly. By accident we kept colliding with that girl all evening, and at this moment we can see her still, as she walked along the corridors, intent and weary, her chin dug into the top of the catalogue.

While we were covertly reading the catalogue, our friend uttered one of those soft cries that mean she has seen something she likes. The object of her delight was one of a row of goddesses who were all seated in the same lovely pose: one little square hand resting against her cheek and the other on her lap with the little straight square-nailed fingers curled delicately up, one small flat, square foot crossed beneath the resting hand and the other planted firmly on the ground. She was a girl goddess molded in bronze that had turned a lovely dull green. From her lovely feet to the top of her neat round head with the pure, sweet, stern square face with the eyelids modestly lowered, she was two feet tall. We said we thought she looked more like our idea of a goddess than anything we had ever seen; and this opinion we have continued to hold.

We went into the first of the two big rooms, and the single wormy line divided into small clusters of people before the Screens of the Four Seasons lining the walls. Those screens, with their exquisite details of flowers' hearts and mottled branches, looked from a little distance as though they had been painted on a foggy day, all grey and beige and cream and muted white; Winter we shall remember best, with its heron swooping into remote white flowers. Then there were the small glass cases containing old silks with abstract designs in white and black on the brightest of blues and the softest of lavenders and the most shimmering of greys; there was one polka-dot we thought would make an unforgettable summer dress. "Designers," assented my friend fervently, "must live in Museums." We followed the small enamel murals with their funny little stories about families who fought, and fires that everybody in the village was trying to put out and was fighting without success while the cloud of black smoke trailed along into infinity and the next story, and a poet who traveled all over Japan and wrote poems on New Year's while everybody else was playing dice or visiting the Palace. While we were looking at the big fire a young man shoved between our friend and us and remarked gently, "Ab, comme la ligne est expressive!" "Yah!" murmured our friend, who is often eloquent.

In the next room were the paintings of the terrible fire gods, that had belonged to the inner unapproachable chambers of medieval temples. These were good gods, resembling our notions of demons, with their great arms and dark, wide smiles and hair streaming down to their knees and into the distance. There were Buddhas, fat and sleek, but spiritual with their rosaries clasped in their soft little white hands and their sweet round faces smiling serenely and heartily. We were looking at these when out of the corner of our eye we saw coming towards us an acquaintance who we felt sure would cut us rather than in a company of tweedy intellectuals hail a creature like ourself in our polo coat and the fringey scarf which we have long considered de rigueur for winter; we felt cut a hundred times over as he came nearer and nearer . . . and when he not only greeted us but asked us if we were enjoying the Exhibition, all we could manage was a feeble smile of which Buddha would have disapproved, because it was not in the spirit of humility. Then we went on to the story in silk of the life of Buddha, who was the greatest elephant-tamer in the world (much better than his cousin, who was much bigger than he, who had been the greatest elephant-tamer the world has ever seen) and who lived a very gay life in a garden of pretty little red-cherry trees before his father forced him to marry -there the silk ended, and the artist had not bothered to tell the story of the asceticism of Buddha. After that we saw the illustration on silk of a series of seven sensual horrors,

which a very young man in a yellow vest identified as "Purgatory or something." "It makes you feel like praying," we heard a young lady remark as she went downstairs.

When we went downstairs we found what seemed to us the very best of the whole wonderful Exhibition; and our friend thought this part best, too, which increased our pleasure. On the first floor, in the smaller rooms with polished floors that usually house furniture exhibits, we saw peacock screens, with their rich spread design etched in gold leaf on blue brocade, bordered in striped-and-floral brown and gold silk, the painting of a Buddhist priest at prayer, a thin tranquil man sitting in a little tree in the midst of a smoky forest, his sandals neatly set down on a bed of pine needles, with his rosary and his bowl; the painting of a darkly florid jester with the most sophisticated grin we have ever seen, and, most wonderful of all, a long silk painting in a glass case, of the flowers of the four seasons and the insects, in the brightest, the loveliest, the most essentially flowery colors—with a poem that the artist had written in shiny black characters on the ivory ground, in a delicate column of commas and dashes.

Our friend said fervently, "We're crude."

"Who?" we said, ever the straight woman to her philosophical musings.

"The occidental world," she said.

Whereupon we went upstairs to the screens again, came down again to flowers, bought some postcards to commemorate the event, and went home feeling that we had had a good time for ourselves.

Katharine Gill, '54

EVRRENT BOOKS

Katherine Mansfield and Dylan Thomas, Literary Society subjects, star in latest book news.

Katherine Mansfield. By Antony Alpers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953.

Till Antony Alpers was five years old he lived unknowingly in Katherine Mansfield's early-childhood house. With this bit of background New Zealand's Alpers opens the newest biography of his country's greatest writer. And with it, in seed form, began the affinity that led him first to admiration for Miss Mansfield, then to dissatisfaction with existing biographies, and finally, to the conviction that "a compatriot's biography of Katherine Mansfield was needed."

Fortunately, little of the "national self-consciousness" to which Mr. Alpers confesses as a young intellectual comes through in the book. Most of it might have been written by a non-New Zealander, except for a few reminiscences of the country and some personal impressions of Mr. Alpers as he first read Katherine Mansfield.

But a personable young man Antony Alpers certainly must be. In gathering facts and confidences he has succeeded where all other Mansfield devotées failed. He corresponded with Katherine Mansfield's little-known first husband, and brought to light what has been the most shadowy period of her life, the one between her graduation from Queen's College and the beginning of her literary prominence. Lesley, Katherine Mansfield's famous friend so often mentioned (and maligned) in the letters and journal, is described here

in person and some of her comments on Miss Mansfield given. In addition, there is an enlightening record at the book's end of the financial settlements made by Sir Harold Beauchamp on his short-story-writing daughter. As far as new information goes, this book is a find.

Unfortunately, it is not the highly sensitive work needed to unite the complex Katherine Mansfield of her own journals and letters with the external facts of her life. For this the world, and we, are still waiting.

M. F. X. Moloney, '54

The Doctor and the Devils. By Dylan Thomas (from the story by Donald Taylor). New York: A New Directions Book, 1953.

During his tragically short career as lyric poet and short story writer Dylan Thomas consistently demonstrated his peculiar power over words, the power of creating an atmosphere, evoking a mood, capturing a character. All these remarkable powers are evidenced in the film script of the J. Arthur Rank motion picture, *The Doctor and the Devils*.

The story is based on the famous Scottish murder case of a hundred years ago involving Burke and Hare. In the film they are brought to life under the names of Fallon and Broom, and two more unsavory characters it would be difficult to find on or off the screen.

Briefly, the story concerns a brilliant, young anatomy lecturer, Dr. Thomas Rock, the film counterpart of Dr. Knox, the Edinburgh anatomist of the nineteenth century. The laws at that time hindering the acquisition of human bodies for anatomical experimentation and demonstration made body-snatching a fairly thriving business. But Fallon and Broom, two flophouse keepers, found grave-digging a thank-

less job and decided instead to obtain their saleable specimens in an easier way.

The book abounds in memorable characters: the sardonic but winning Dr. Rock, the terrifying and tortured Fallon and Broom, Pretty Jenny Bailey, the tavern girl, the hump-backed idiot boy, Billy Bedlam, Nelly and Kate, two of the hags from Ragand Bond Alley, and many others.

Surprisingly enough, the shooting directions are simple and easy to read, and much less obtrusive than stage directions for a play. Moreover, they are exciting reading and provide the author with an opportunity to give full play to his unparalleled narrative gift.

The motive for the production of the film was the presentation of a story posing the question of "the end justifying the means." Dr. Rock tells his students that it does, but what of his agonized cry at the end, "Oh, my God, I knew what I was doing!"

All in all, it is a fascinating tale with sixteen marvelously gory murders and a larger than average dose of horror and suspense—a treat for the murder-yarn connoisseurs in addition to its excellence from the literary standpoint.

Marian Connor, '54

Two of the more notable books from the recent crop of new novels are Nicholas Monsarrat's The Story of Esther Costello, and Ann Petry's The Narrows.

The Story of Esther Costello. By Nicholas Monsarrat. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953.

As the movie version of one of Nicholas Monsarrat's former novels, *The Cruel Sea*, travels the rounds of the theatres, his newest book makes its bid for follow-up honors.

In the person of Esther Costello, an Irish peasant girl made deaf, dumb, and blind by an accident, Mr. Monsarrat certainly has an off-the-beaten-track heroine—and about her, a story to match. His account of the money-making activities of Mr. and Mrs. Bannister, two Americans who exploit Esther's misfortune, adds up to always-compelling, if sometimes repulsive, reading.

The Bannisters play their hand well, and the public is completely duped. Money for "charity" pours in, no one suspecting that the donations rarely go to institutions for the blind. "What fools these mortals be," runs the undercurrent of the book with its gloomy philosophy of the strong and unscrupulous inheriting the earth because the weak are too unsuspecting or cowardly to oppose them. In the story, reporter Harry Grant discovers the truth about the fraud and about Esther's death, reported accidental though really planned, but he can do nothing. Too precious is the memory of beautiful Esther in the public mind. Too great was the hope and courage given to the blind by Esther.

You will not put this book down once you begin. It is built on skill, infused with the story-teller's art, and sparked by one of the easiest-to-read styles in action today. But as you close the covers, you may feel a question in the mind, a frown on the forehead, and a faintly bad taste in the mouth.

Alice M. Fellows, '55

The Narrows. By Ann Petry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1953.

The Narrows was a peaceful section of town, where all races lived without much trouble. This was not the South, where things happen that you read about in the paper. This was far north Connecticut; this was the Narrows. And in the small Connecticut town, seeds of violence grow quietly.

Link Williams meets Camilo Treadway Sheffield, and without reflecting that one of them is a Negro, they fall in love. Meanwhile, his foster mother, Abbie, has her troubles. She blames herself for losing Link to Bill Hod, owner of the Last Chance Saloon, and that scandalous affair between Bill Hod and Abbie's tenant is a disgrace to the house.

In this entanglement lie all the ingredients for fireworks. The fuse is lit, and the story rolls to an unpredictable close.

Miss Petry, herself a Negro, enforces the point of the story. The Narrows could easily have become a "lesson" story, or well-written propaganda, but Miss Petry maintains good balance in laying the blame for the tragic events, in presenting a story of violence without hysteria.

Mary Alma Stevens, '54

Letters From The Readers

DEAR EDITORS:

Recently we have suffered the loss of one of the great men of letters, Eugene O'Neill. He was buried with little ceremony and the only recognition he received was a curious comment as to why all the secrecy. Of course, the private funeral was of his own choice, but I have always been under the impression that the price of fame is publicity. It would seem that I am wrong.

Undoubtedly Eugene O'Neill was one of the great American playwrights of the twentieth century. It is sad and disillusioning, even pitiable, that America, whose contribution to the literary world is undeniably small, should at this time choose to ignore one of its most outstanding authors. I am unable to understand this lack of appreciation in the "cultured" American public.

The ETHOS appears to have taken its cue from the rest of the world. It is strange that a literary magazine can be so ill-informed that it is unaware of the death of a great literary figure, especially when his death occurred almost next door. This seems the only answer for your lack of acknowledgment. It cannot be that you have overlooked it, for who would pass over the death of such a man without at least a sigh.

It is my intention, therefore, to inform you of our great loss and I know that you will not disregard this.

Sincerely,

Jeannette Alfe

ED.'s Note: Thank you for your letter. We, too, share your sentiments, and a critical analysis of several of Eugene O'Neill's plays will appear in the April issue of the Ethos.

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April, 1954

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Inside Out

N this issue, the ETHOS Staff wish to extend a thank-you to the members of the student body who have helped and encouraged our work throughout the yearto each of you who entered the various contests which the ETHOS sponsored, to all who kept our mailbag full with letters of constructive criticism, to everyone who read the Ethos during the year. April is the time of year when we give the task of editorship to new hands, and the privilege of editing the ETHOS for '54-'55 belongs to Claire DeLay. We sincerely hope that Claire will experience the same cooperation from her staff and from the student body that we have enjoyed this year. The names of many present members of the Ethos Staff will reappear on the Staff list for next year. New names will be added. Listed among these will be: Marie Coy, Marilyn Doherty, Mary Ann O'Brien, Elizabeth Marley, Patricia Dwyer, Eleanor Surprenant, Eleanor Coneeney, Eleanora Finnegan, Helen McAlevy, and Susan McNulty.

We also wish to thank our faithful proofreaders, our efficient business staff, our publicity managers, and our circulation assistants. All shared the hard work.

In this last issue, we have included four short stories for your pleasure. Congratulations to Jean McDonald, who won first prize in the Ethos short story contest. You will find Jean's story introducing the body of the magazine. The Current Books section is featuring a review of The Easter Book, written by Father Weiser, professor of philosophy.

Again, we extend a sincere thank-you to all of you. We hope that next year's Staff will have an interesting and productive year.

NUMBER 3

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Ideal

Jean A. McDonald, '56

THE bay was shrouded in the mists of coming rain, yet the thinness of the clouds threw a silvery light on the sea and an unusual depth of blue to the mountains of Connemara. There was no wind along the shore, but up among the crags and cliffs that frowned on the sea there was a stirring of a vagrant breeze that found expression in a mournful sigh. There was no definite light, only a suggestion of a gray luminescence. Aranmor seemed to sleep on a mirror; her interminable whites and grays of the little huddled cottages reflected in the color of the shale rock and the foam of the sea. All seasons are the same on Aranmor, so that this Sunday morning in June was so full of autumn, that one unconsciously listened for the rustle of dead leaves.

Two men were picking their slow way up the shingly path to the ancient, pagan dun that crowned the summit of one of the northern slopes. The older man was so stooped from old age and rheumatism, that he looked more like a spider than a human being. His companion was a young man of some thirty years or more. He was of medium height, slightly built and from his dress and manner obviously a foreigner. As the pair made their way upward, the old man was saying, "I have seen Frenchmen, and Danes, and Germans and there does be a power of Irish books along with them and they reading them better than ourselves". He stopped in the path to catch his breath and emphasized his point by jabbing a crooked finger at the young man. "Believe me, Peter Delmore, there are few rich men in the world now, who are not studying the Gaelic."

"Well, Neil, I suppose that's the impression that the islanders get with all the philological students always visiting here. Then, there are others like me, who are collecting the folk-stories. . . ."

"For want of better to do," Neil broke in and roared with good humor.

"Well," laughed Peter, "wasn't it me own father that told me, there was not another man in the whole of western Ireland, itself, that could tell stories as good as yourself?"

"Your answer's not wantin' in sense, Peter, but you'd do well to refrain from using a brogue, 'cause your tongue does not take well to it and it is most like to a thorn in the eye to be hearing you. And it's not like a Delmore to be goin' on mockin' a poor man and he lookin' for the grave. Aragh, I remember your father, remember him well," the old man muttered to himself. Then he went on again louder and more enthusiastic, "And wasn't it me, boy," he said in a tone that was rising in its anxiety to be believed, "wasn't it me the day that you stepped down from that steamer, said to myself said I 'If there's a man name of Delmore left living in the world it's that man'!" He nodded his head vigorously as a further indication of the marvel of his memory.

"Then you must have very keen perception for a man your age," Peter said, realizing the importance of the slightest praise to the old man.

"Ah, there's truth in that, Peter, but there's some as would deny even that to a poor old man," he sighed. They climbed in silence, the old man deep in thought. When they reached the crest of the hill, however, he said good-humoredly to Peter, "Ah, and here's your dun, lad, and what will

you do with it?" He surveyed the massive ruins of the ancient fort and said with a sweeping gesture of his arm, "'Tis Dun Aonghusa, lad, the fort of the Fomorians, a race of giants, that ruled this land in the ages before history began." He kicked a pile of mouldering stones and looked up at his friend.

"Tell me, Peter, could this be the remains of the palace of a Dedanan prince or maybe 'tis the cairn of one of the sons of Mileseus? Ah, God, we all can be like to princes some day, Peter, when they throw the dirt over our mortal selves."

Peter, sensing that Neil was in a mood for reminiscing did not answer, but settled down beside the old man to listen. Neil began in a voice that rose and fell like the waves of the sea. His eyes looked fixedly over the bay and the whole atmosphere of the old man's voice, the sea's moan and the wind's sigh gave an aspect of the unreal and almost supernatural to his tale.

"It happened on a time," he began, "there was a young man I knew at Dublin. Ah, now, don't be surprised, Peter, I didn't always live on the islands. Well, this young man, whose Christian name was Joseph was a fine educated feller, like to yerself, but he was more. The man was touched with genius; never was there such a maker of songs as he. Sure the angels of God, Himself, must have lit the fires of inspiration in his head.

"But he was a man with a dream, Peter, the same dream that many another fine young man of that time had. They thought that if the young men of Ireland could be goin' off to war and spillin' their own hearts' blood on foreign battlefields to win liberty for foreign countries, why couldn't Ireland herself have some of those selfsame rights and liberties. They thought that the idea wasn't unreasonable, for sure, all they wanted was home rule, so they set about to get what they wanted peaceably and if all else failed they were willin' to give their lives for their ideal.

"So they banded together with others, believed in their idea, and they drilled themselves and learned the craft of soldierin' in event that all should not go well. Before ye knew it the order came from Pearse on that Monday morning and we were off. My friend, Joseph, led the party that took over the post office on Sackville Street, and I was in it as well as he. Oh it was a grand, mortal struggle, and we in the thick of it. Don't let people fool you, Peter, it wasn't just wild, young bucks with wild ideas; there was men, women and even children too, who were willin' to give everything for the cause. There's where ye saw the sights, Peter, sights of bravery and courage as has not been witnessed from the beginning of time up to the present. Well, we fought like steers 'til Saturday and, by the deer, we'd have kept on 'til there was not a man-jack of us alive, but that the order came from Pearse tellin' us that for the good of all concerned, we should surrender. I was a mortal coward, Peter, I, who thought that I'd follow my friends to death's door, turned my back on them in that hour and ran away into the city and hid. The Son of God forgive me for that action, for I know I cannot forgive myself.

"I waited to see the issue of the trials. God help us they were short enough! Not more than a quarter hour for each of them to be tried, convicted and sentenced. Pearse, MacDonagh, Ceannt and Clarke were the first to be shot. They died the day Joseph Plunkett was sentenced. Ah, and that night a girl by the name of Grace Gifford came to Richmond Barracks. Oh, she was a flower of all women, Peter, and she loved Joseph Plunkett better than the gull loves

the track of the fish in the water. They were married that night, the midnight before he was shot. That's all it was to the military tribunal. Take him out, tie a cloth 'round his eyes, pin a bit of paper over his heart, give the order to the squad and in a wink we're rid of a troublesome thinker. So now they talk of Erin's tragic Easter, and sing the Foggy Dew and talk about 'There's nothin' but our own red blood can make a right rose tree' but they don't know the half of it. 'Tis tender sentiment, that's all." Neil looked shattered by his memories. He sat staring at the earth drawing aimless designs in the dust with his cane.

"Look him up in a book of Irish verse, Peter, ye'll see him squinched in between Pearse and some O'Brien, ye'll see a small note at the bottom of the page readin' like this, 'one of the tragedies of the rebellion was the loss of Plunkett's genius to Irish verse' and they go on after that. Tragedy they call it! Why the mouth of hell itself opened and scorched the soil of Ireland the day Plunkett died. They put a bullet through that brain that would have sung some day of Ireland's true grandeur and," he paused and emotion almost stopped his flow of speech, "and of her freedom. Ah Mhuire, 'tis a pity, a pity."

"Of his marriage to Grace Gifford, if they mention it at all, it's maybe only a line. Such acts of complete love and faith are foreign to this world and beyond its understanding, that's why their story has never been written. No man... no nor woman either, could write it up right. And that is the end of my tale," he said; it was his manner of ending a story. The pair sat for a long while in silence with the sounds of the surf and the wind washing over them. Then, Neil bent down, picked up some of the dust of the Fir-Bolgs and, letting it slip through his fingers, sighed

and said, "It's thinking I am that the world has forgotten to dream." Peter looked up, and seeing that there were tears in the old man's eyes, said nothing. Then the only sound on the hill was the wind's keen and the sea's moan.

Two Palings

Ann T. Flynn, '56

Once I held a jewel
in my palm.
Instinctively my fingers
closed around.
Now barred to others'
sight,
But united, the jewel and I,
in bond of tangibility.

I hold a love for you

within my heart

Encircled and entwined

with tissue of myself.

To foreign gaze,

asomatous,

But yet how more affined, since

lashed with silk of selflessness.

O'Neill: Dramatist of Frustration

Barbara A. Raftery, '54

WITH the recent death of Eugene O'Neill, dramatic literature suffered a definite loss, a loss which most of us could probably not pin-point into specific terms, but a felt loss nevertheless. Perhaps the majority of us associate his death with some such vague commentary as "a tragedy in the history of American literature," a term gleaned from a newspaper obituary notice. The fact is, that the actual worth of O'Neill's plays and the subsequent loss to playwriting which accompanied his death will not be completely understood until some future date, when the merit of his work and the far-reaching effects of his influence will be seen by the critics in a proper perspective. At the present time it is important for us to understand exactly what O'Neill was attempting to do with drama, and to acquire a more incisive appreciation of his tragedies.

O'Neill was no mediocre dramatist; his work stirred reactions of great praise and great blame, but never have his critics been indifferent. His work is deplored by some as pure "melodramadness"; by others it is considered the most perfect attempt at tragedy since Shakespeare. It is difficult to define the quality which has given O'Neill such a prominent position in his time. Perhaps the great stir which O'Neill has caused can be accounted for by the fact that he was one with the dramatists of his time and yet distinctly different from them. He was of his times insofar as the frustration of the modern age, which found no satisfaction in the theories of materialism, is present in his plays. The Rope, for example, is an exploitation of the sin of avarice. But O'Neill's work was also foreign to the theatre

movements of his time, because, while other dramatists were primarily occupied with social and political problems, O'Neill attempted to transcend notions that were confined to time and place, and to make of his plays dramas of philosophy.

O'Neill makes clear this differentiation between his own work and the work of his contemporaries. Joseph Krutch's preface to the Nobel Prize edition of the plays quotes him: "Most modern plays are concerned with the relation between man and man, but that does not interest me at all. I am interested only in the relation between man and God." Robert, then, in Beyond the Horizon, is not merely a misfit in his situation; his is not simply the problem of family incompatibility. Robert's problem is the theatrical expression of that deepest desire in the soul of man to break the barriers of circumstance which chain him to his little world, to find that ultimate freedom whereby he will be unbounded by restraint, and at the same time, "belong" to his universe. O'Neill searches for a deeper significance to the problems of humanity, for the why, whence, and whither of our desires. For this reason, many of O'Neill's plays are attempts to get beneath the "banality of surfaces" and are amazing by means of a sheer, raw nakedness.

O'Neill did not become an escapist, did not permit himself to avoid fundamental issues by dabbling in lesser problems. His questions are basic: what is man in relation to his universe; why does he seem so out of harmony with it; why are his desires so forcefully rooted in him? To probe these questions, he chose the medium of dramatic art. His reason for doing so is quoted in a critical article by John Mason Brown: "Sure I'll write about happiness," said O'Neill, "if I can happen to meet up with that luxury, and find it sufficiently dramatic and in harmony with any deep

rhythm in life. But happiness is a word. What does it mean? Exaltation: an intense feeling of the significant worth of man's being and becoming? Well, if it means that—and not a mere shirking contentment with one's lot—I know there is more of it in one real tragedy than in all the happyending plays ever written."

It was in his direct facing of life, in his ability to confront those problems which surged from the deepest recesses of his artistic sensitiveness, rather than in actual stage presentation, that O'Neill was a realist in the truest sense. O'Neill probed the mystery of man's existence. Whether he found an answer to it is of less importance in criticizing him as a dramatist, than the fact that he concretized its awesome reality on the stage.

O'Neill was able to embody his philosophy in his plays by an unusual combination of realism and expressionism. His characters are realistic because they represent actual individuals fabricated in the author's mind. But they are also expressionistic, that is, they represent something beyond themselves, and in most cases, it is some native human instinct which they symbolize. For example, Yank, in The Hairy Ape, is a symbol of the desire in every man to "belong" to his world, to be a cog in the wheel, to possess and be possessed. Yank is the most tangible example of the theme of "belonging" which runs as an undercurrent in almost every one of O'Neill's plays. By this union of expressionism and realism in his plays, O'Neill became the principal writer in which the continental interest in symbolic writing (especially noted in the writing of Strindberg) and the American enthusiasm for the real and the tangible in drama converged. In this, Eugene O'Neill was unique.

O'Neill was unique in one other way. He succeeded in dramatizing on the stage that type of action which is neither

outward nor physical, but which is, nevertheless, action; he exposed the action of the mind in psychological introspection. This is, perhaps, most successfully done in Strange Interlude where O'Neill employs the aside, that is, a dual speaking part. At one moment the character addresses the other actors on the stage, and at the next moment he carries on an oral thinking process, which his fellow actors are not to hear, but which is directed to the audience. By introducing to the stage psychological action, O'Neill channelled the drama into the field of subjectivity and introspection. the same time, he did not depart from Artistotle's definition of drama as "men acting," for in the hands of a skillful dramatist (a dramatist who realizes that psychological portrayal is in danger of becoming static) the action of the mind can be as intense and as thrilling as any death and thunder scene.

One of the most frequent objections to the plays of Eugene O'Neill is that they tend toward no solution. The complaint is a legitimate one. As O'Neill's career progressed, his dramas became more and more problem types, offering only meagre answers to the questions which he had posed in the beginning of the plays. In *The Hairy Ape*, Yank rejects the human race to which he feels he does not belong; he seeks the equal of himself in the cage of the zoo, but there again he is rejected by the ape who kills him. In *Strange Interlude*, Nina finds peace only in a resigned weariness with life. It is a negative peace, and no answer to the positive happiness which she desires. O'Neill's people are frustrated people, unhappy and despairing people.

Is this portrayal of human entanglement in frustration a legitimate subject for the stage? It would seem so, for man's experience with frustration and unhappiness are factual things, and the moods of men are worthy of dramatiza-

tion in order that we may have a keener perception of the emotional and intellectual conflicts of human nature. We do not necessarily have to assume that the conclusions of the men suffering are truth, no more than we must conclude with the distraught Lear that shelter from the storm is to be found on the barren moor. O'Neill accomplished penetrating representations of the human mind, and by his portrayal of frustration and unhappiness, he documented the tortured conflict of an epoch.

Roundel

Nancy Sheehan, '55

Oh, please, don't call this love, my dear, Call it fulfillment of delight,
Or joy sublime, or promise bright,
For false vows fill my heart with fear,
They can be quick to rend, to tear
A heart trembling in love's sweet flight.
So, please, don't call this love, my dear,
Call it fulfillment of delight.
Please don't betray a trusting ear
And heart by whispering love vows trite,
Or warm words designed to excite.
Frail love can fade and disappear,
So, please, don't call this love, my dear.

Not Yet the Spring

Ann T. Flynn, '56

THE other day was a particularly lovely one for early March, coolly warm, alive, and breathing a vital presage of Spring. As I strolled through the Public Gardens, noticing the idlers like myself who were sauntering along with coats open to the felicitating breeze, I could smell in the newly turned-over earth, in the moist, rich brownness, the luxurious portent of Springtime which the day augured. The animal frequenters of the Gardens were out in full number. The squirrels were scurrying recklessly from cache to cache, drunk with the power of renascence; the pigeons were strutting along the dirt lanes with beaks hypercritically lifted as if tasting the air and finding it satisfying. Ensconced on a park bench was an old gentleman keeping time to the animal activity with his tapping cane and nodding head.

The wooden boards, which were spread along the paths in the wintertime as dry islands of refuge from the liquid slush, had been removed, and a middle-aged man was stepping briskly along swinging his arms and planting his feet firmly on the ground.

A group of giggling and chattering girls were leaning dangerously low over the bridge which straddled the small pond, and I half expected to see a lordly white swan-boat appear around the bend and circle the minute speck of an island in the middle of the pond.

It was clearly a day with good fellowship, cheer, and happy spirits which radiated the length and breadth of Boylston Street—until I came to the steps of the Library.

There, sitting in the august laps of Science and Art, were two youngsters disporting themselves in mock solemnity. They would rise majestically from their seats, bow gravely to each other and then to the statues upon which they were perched, and then proceed to smile benignly with a nod of their roguish heads and a gracious wave of their hands to the passers-by who stared in amazement. Prince Charles of England could have been no more gracious and urban acknowledging the cheers of his admirers outside Buckingham Palace than these two pranksters who were working off their merry spirits on the steps of the Library. Everyone who saw them was chuckling at the incongruity of the situation, that is, everyone but one bird-like woman who was watching them sharply. From the top of her peacockblue hat to the tips of her pointed brogans, she reminded me of nothing so much as a prying, inquisitive bluejay. With a sputter of speed she darted into the Library, only to return two seconds later with the policeman.

"There they are, Officer, there they are! What did I tell you! Get rid of them, Officer, lock them up! They don't belong there!"

She was skipping from statue to statue and gesticulating all the while. Hopping up and down with every screaming phrase she emitted, the little old lady was working herself into a frenzy.

The two little rogues on top of the statues were regarding the little intruder with an air of dumb-founded stupefaction and the uniformed policeman with open-mouthed awe.

"C'mon now, boys, down you go, or I'll have to ship you off to the station in a paddywagon. That's it, down you go. Off with you now, and don't you be sitting on those statues again or I'll tan your hides!" The policeman, after one startled glance at the woman and the situation, shooed the boys good-naturedly away. They scrambled down from the statues and dashed across the steps in two seconds flat.

"You should have arrested them, Officer! They'll probably turn into juvenile delinquents!"

She was dancing in circles around the poor policeman who just stood there looking baffled.

"They're only kids, lady, and besides, they got away. No harm's done." As he said this, he backed away from her and headed into the Library. She ran after him and pecked at his resolute back in chattering, excited spurts.

Sheepishly, the crowd which had gathered around to watch the mock royalty began to disperse, and the mood of friendly joviality was broken.

Slowly I made my way to the subway entrance, buttoning my coat as I went, for I felt a cold breeze blowing against me.

Transition

Rosemary A. Donobue, '55

Caught in the whirl of that gala affair, Seeking delight in the merriment there, And fearing an answer to why or how, I laughed with the crowd in the here and now.

Loath to believe that the laughter was feigned, That dregs would be bitter when revelry waned, I thought you were cruel to call me away— Out of my world with its laughter and play.

Now as I view the incredible dross
Of yesterday's pleasure I'd mourned as a loss,
Banished forever all thoughts of regress.
You have taught me to cherish a new happiness!

The Accident

Marie E. Hingston, '56

He shut the door quietly and leaned against it, breathing heavily. The room was dark, and his tired eyes were slow in adjusting to the suddenly reduced light. The shades were still drawn to protect the rug from the early morning sun as his wife had left them almost four days ago. He put his hat on the hall table beside a pile of dusty detective magazines, and walked rather shakily over to the fireplace. He stared at the dying embers, flickering red and black shadows across the andirons. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The fire must have been burning since four, when he had lit it. He remembered he had just got it blazing when the doorbell rang.

He sank into the big chair and watched the last sparks die. For a long time he sat without thinking, just feeling the dark oppression of the room. He was sad, and the sorrow and wretchedness were draining his strength. Then somehow the projector of his mind started and the pictures moved across in disconnected scenes. His wife was dead. But it was not the death that weighed so heavily; it was something else. He could see her now, and she was young, with the long auburn curls he had loved to twist around his fingers. Her hair was not auburn any more, and his fingers had become veined and knotted. They had grown old together, together and alone. People whispered that they were both crazy. But that was simply because they had kept to themselves so much. They never were very friendly, and though they had lived in the same house since they were married, thirty-five years ago, they had never made many close friends.

They had got along all right. They had had their share of fights, but they had usually managed to patch them up. He wasn't sure if he had really loved his wife, but he knew he hadn't hated her. And now that she was dead, he was sorry.

The pictures began to move again and he saw the car, lying on its side, crumpled against the tree at the foot of the hill. It was a hill in the deserted part of town, small but steep. He saw his wife's form inside, slumped behind the wheel, with an ugly lump on her head . . . it was right above her hairline, and there was dried blood on her forehead . . . it was only a little while after the crash, but the blood on her head was dry and crusted.

A boy on the road above had seen the wreck and called the police. The police had then called him to identify the body and to answer some questions. They were routine questions, merely to make sure it was an accident. He gave the routine answers: there were no enemies that he knew about; no reason why anyone would want to kill his wife. He had been perfectly calm, but it upset him to think the police suspected anything more than an accident. He told them how they knew hardly anyone, least of all anyone who would hate his wife, but yet they suspected. . . .

There was something wrong with the picture. Something about the car, lying there. . . . Why hadn't it burned? Most cars would have burst into flames after toppling over the slope—but this one hadn't. Why? . . . It worried him.

The police inspector, Hogan, came to the scene of the accident and questioned him then. He would not let him alone. He asked the same questions over and over, in different ways. Hogan kept nagging him, trying to make a point somewhere. Where, he didn't know. All the time he was talking, the inspector was tossing a pebble, a large pebble,

up and down in his hand. As he answered Hogan's needling questions, his eyes followed the pebble, up and down, up and down. Just as it was beginning to grate on his nerves, the inspector stopped, and closed his fingers around the pebble as if to choke the breath from it.

Before he went back up the hill, he stopped at the car for a last look at his still wife. If the police were right in suspecting something, and his wife had been murdered, there would be some clue in the car, something that the murderer had overlooked, which had tipped off the police. In all the stories he had read about crime, the killer always did something wrong, always bungled something. He could always pick out the mistake in a crime story, even before the detective. It made him angry to read about the stupid people who committed crime. They shouldn't attempt a murder if they were too stupid to plan it intelligently. It took someone clever to commit a perfect murder. If the police thought his wife had been murdered, he wanted to look at the car carefully. He looked especially under the gas pedal for any sign that would point to murder. But there was nothing, unless the police had found it first. Now, if the car had been burned, there would be nothing left to give clues.

As he left the car, something caught his eye. The fuel gauge was on empty. That was probably because the car was stopped, but it made him wonder. Had he filled it before the accident? If not, that could explain why it hadn't burned. As he turned to go up the hill, he saw the inspector watching him. He felt uneasy, as he watched the police ambulance siren to a stop at the top of the hill. Slowly he got into the police car that was going to take him home, and closed his eyes, hoping to shut out the scene. . . .

The projector jerked back into action and unconsciously he sank deeper into the chair, as he remembered that scene, four days ago. As he saw again the lump on his wife's head, and watched the pebble going up and down, he realized the many flaws in the picture that had made the police suspect. Painful as it was, he could now see that it hadn't been too hard for the inspector to patch together the jagged pieces of the picture, and find the murderer: the blow on the head that had probably killed her, and the stone wedged beneath the accelerator, the clues that had not burned. It was ingenious, but still not perfect. His wife was dead. But it was not the death that weighed so heavily; it was something else that was bothering him.

The shadows that had been standing motionless outside the door now began to move restlessly. He saw them, and he knew he would have to leave soon. The fire was now black ashes. He took his hat from the table and then picked up the *True Detective* magazine that had come that morning. He paused at the door and looked around. They had given him time to collect anything he wanted. He had not wanted much after all, just his thoughts. He stepped out into the sunset, and fell into step between the two uniformed men.

Dream of Day

Mary Alma Stevens, '54

We met in the light of stars
That shadowed away
The truth of ourselves, and gilded
The dream of day.

Our love flickered. As the fire of stars Conceiving marble morning dies Consummated, so we parted in The ashes of a lie.

Schiller's Treatment of Sin in the Drama

Mary E. Loughran, '55

SIN, according to St. Augustine, is a defiance of the Eternal Law. But there are almost as many ideas of sin as there are philosophers and authors; each one has his own idea of what constitutes the Eternal Law. Friedrich Schiller, though Christian on many points, has a singular conception of sin: in his drama, whatever is detrimental to man is sinful; whatever glorifies man is good. He believes, too, that God is always waiting for us; that we can live as freely and as sinfully as we like, if, in the end, we prepare for eternity.

Schiller's views are seen clearly in his works. The hero of his first drama, Die Räuber, is a passionate, gifted young man, Karl von Moor. He acts, spurred on by feelings which Schiller himself longed to express; when he realizes he has been deceived, revenge becomes the mainspring of his conduct. But he ennobles revenge in his own eyes, and in ours, by professing it to be the destruction of vice and the exaltation of virtue. "To grasp the scales of Providence in a mortal's hand" is unlawful, but Moor has the force of soul which makes it most fitting. Schiller envelops Karl in a towering grandeur that silences critical scruples.

In Schiller's great Don Carlos, Philip, the head of the Spanish court at the end of the sixteenth century, is the epitome of all the good and bad qualities of the court. He is stony-hearted, narrow, cold, introverted, selfish, and cruel. He has a certain greatness, however, the greatness of unlimited external power, of a relentless, consistent, and un-

alterable will. His character is stern and aloof; the reader may hate and fear him, but Schiller has taken care to secure him from contempt.

Princess Eboli, who seeks the love of Don Carlos, is another powerful creation of Schiller's genius. Devotion and love are on her tongue; pride, pomp, and lust in her heart. When she finds her love is hopeless, her virtue ceases to be virtuous; she becomes a jealous spy. Again, Schiller has prevented the reader from hating the Princess by endowing her with a certain seductive worth and grace, picturing her "false and fair" at the same time.

The fourth and final example of Schiller's treatment of sin is in the character of Wallenstein, the strong Atlas who supports the world of war. He is the prototype of the accomplished man whose ruling passion is ambition. He is daring, enthusiastic, and vehement. The immense influence which he exerts over his followers prepares us to expect a great man, but when he is shown to us in his entirety, we are disappointed. True, he is a man of stature, but with all his apparent wisdom, he relies superstitiously on guidance from the stars. Consequently, he wavers in indecision, like all who seek no divine guidance. Wallenstein's confidence in friendship, and his love for his fellow-men are characteristics which soften his harsher, more warlike qualities. Although he betrays his Emperor, the reader sympathizes with him and does not greatly blame him in his crime. Wallenstein's tragic flaw lies in his superstition. The stars, not he, are to blame, according to Schiller.

Blind fate seems to shape the destinies of Schiller's characters. Mistaken ideas of what is right and wrong goad on his characters. The reader sympathizes with the sin as well as with the sinner. Rarely do his characters show that they are the masters of their fate.

Earth

Catherine Bailey, '54

I am Old Earth
Just mud and clay.
I am Old Earth,
But I had my day.

He came in the night,

Just with His kin;

He came in the night But I took Him in.

They took His sweet life
Upon a hard tree;
They took His sweet life
And forgot not me.

They took deep-drawn thorns
From the roses He made;
They took long, black thorns
From out of my glade.

They made thick, gray nails
With merciless mirth,
They made cold, hard nails
From out of my earth.

He left in the night,

Just with His kin;

He left in the night

He left in the night,
But I took Him in.

He rose in the morn
A glorious king
He smiled so at me—
They call it Spring.

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The Forsythia Bush

Marilyn Doherty, '55

AN early summer sun breathed heavily on East Hartford that April. It snuffed every draft from the city and exhaled on it a torrid atmosphere. The effects of the heat were evidenced in the moist, limp clothes of the few citizens standing in front of the Post Office, one place where life could always be found.

East Hartford was an innocuous sort of town. The center consisted of a group of one-story buildings lining either side of the street for a distance of two healthy city blocks. Russel's Funeral Parlor and St. John's Church bounded the northern extremity, while the school building and Dr. Casey's "held the fort" at the South.

St. John's was the most imposing of the group. It had bullied its way into this position because it was bigger than the rest. Architecturally, the once white, wooden structure could never be called beautiful. The high stained-glass windows were like discolored teeth in an ashen face. Nevertheless, it had assimilated into its appearance the "friendly" look understood in the connotation of the word "Church."

The boasts of the opposite end of town were equally unostentatious. Dr. Casey's combination home and office was sorely in need of a coat of brown paint. If there was a slight breeze, and there was none today, one might be attracted to the place by the little shingle protruding from the front porch. It would not necessarily be the movement that would attract as it would be the squeaking of the two rusty hinges that had secured the little sign since Dr. Casey had completed his internship.

Across the street the school building attempted to "preserve" the "coming in" and "going out" of both grammar and high school students and had been doing it for quite some time. To say that the place was run-down would be fallacy. It was old, gracefully old. Even young things can be run-down. But to be gracefully old, that takes the sustaining hand of time.

Only one figure in that somnolent scene displayed the movements of accomplishing a destination. It was the woman leaving Dr. Casey's office. Eileen Kittridge, her tall, full figure attired in a summer print, descended the few stairs and was at the iron gate before she became aware of her surroundings. At the gate she turned back with a look of wonder as if some answer was to be found there. There was none. Turning to the gate again she opened it, passed through and automatically swung the heavy grating until the latch clicked, then began to progress aimlessly toward the Northern section of town.

Pensiveness tightened the features of the woman's face into a strained expression of fear. The few stores that separated the poles of East Hartford slipped quietly by her, their gaudy displays unnoticed by the woman whose whole life was passing before her.

It was impossible. Everything had always been so good; now this. Could it be that she, Eileen Kittridge, was going to die so soon? Dr. Casey had said, "Malignant cancer—one year—possibly two." He couldn't keep it from her, she was a nurse; she knew. But there was so much to live for; Everett, her husband, the two boys, the happiness they shared together. Really there had been so little of disappointment in her life.

She was at the end of her reminiscence and the end of town in front of St. John's. Stopping, she stared up at the glimmering, gold cross. Beneath this symbol of complete resignation she made her act of resistance. Her only prayer was, "Why?"

It was while she was thus totally rapt in thought that Father Hickey emerged from the rear entrance of the Church. Slowly he made his way along the side, examining some of the forsythia bushes that lined the pavement. Half-way down the walk he became aware of the woman standing in front of the Church. Recognizing Mrs. Kittridge, he turned his steps in her direction.

Eileen saw him only after he had seen her. Too late for her to escape the determined, little priest. She waited resignedly for him.

He had aged in his twelve years at St. John's. It was no wonder though, he worked so hard. So many things changed when he came to St. John's. There wasn't one parishioner who hadn't felt the influence of his strong will. When Father Hickey "requested" your presence at one function or another, you were there. You could almost see the drive in his quick steps as he moved toward her. If only she could escape the scrutinizing gaze of the priest, but he was upon her.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Kittridge."

"Good afternoon, Father," came the cautious reply. Father Hickey was the last person in whom she wished to confide.

"How are the boys and Mr. Kittridge?"

"Very well thank you, Father, and how have you been?" It was all very formal indeed.

"Good, thanks. I was just looking at the forsythia along the walk there."

"They'll die quickly unless we have a little rain, Father." Small talk was fairly safe.

"They don't last very long anyway, Mrs. Kittridge."

"That's true," she pondered. And for lack of something better to say continued with, "They're rather an ordinary flower."

"Ordinary?"

"Yes, Father, every place you go you see it. You don't appreciate it 'til it's gone."

"Yes," he said as he fingered the crown of his biretta. "In that respect it's just like life."

It seemed almost uncanny to Eileen that the subject had turned along this vein.

"Father," she fenced, "it almost seems senseless for them to go to all that effort for such a short time."

"Beauty, Mrs. Kittridge, is its own compensation," countered Father Hickey. "For the fullness of each flower's life there is a completion of beauty. Naturally, beauty is good, but how much better is supernatural beauty, since it came at such a price." He looked up at the gold cross thoughtfully, then continued, "He made one stipulation, though. He died for it and so must we."

The pause that followed balanced the weight of the words. "Well, Mrs. Kittridge, I'll be going along now."

"Yes, Father. I think I'll stop and make a visit before I go home." Eileen approached the front stairs of St. John's then turned to Father Hickey and asked, "Father, you don't suppose I could take a little forsythia when I'm coming out?"

"Help yourself," was the generous reply.



Only the Year

M. F. X. Moloney, '54

Only the year is a graceful span,

For the gently-quartered beauty falling

Within the love of time,

Can shade our terror's truth in seasonal compassion,

And from the spindle branches,

Veins on shorn white sky,

Fling the plump spring tree,

Hide grey blades in loose-tongued iris—

Only the year is mercy,

And in a healing twelvemonth, my grief's attenuation.

(Beware the stealthy minute's heat

And measure out its sixty savage stabs

With pulse in careful beat—

Time enough: for a heart to close.)

Spring and Miss Boynton

Anne G. Grant, '56

EACH year, as the warmth that is Spring gently begins to open the green buds of the bushes and trees to the world which is around them, young students impatiently shrug off winter's heavy cloak, as they giggle, cavort, blush, and laugh exultantly.

The girls of the ten o'clock French class at Hanover High School sit laughing and chatting in a room permeated with delicately mild air. Not until the final bell rings do they compare assignment papers, glancing furtively at the door, after every other question.

Miss Boynton rushes in at five minutes past ten wearing a chic suit and carrying a stack of mimeographed papers under her arm. She smiles a lightning brief and brilliant good-morning, sits behind the desk and talks with the girls for a few minutes, realizing the mercuric fever racing within them on this Spring morning. Presently, she hands out the mimeographed quizzes while the girls devour their textbooks before resignedly snapping them shut.

Miss Boynton fingers her pearl choker necklace and looks beyond the outstretched windows as the grey velvet hum of pencils begins. The verdant lawn is sun-sprinkled, the air is bitter sweet.

To Hanover High Maggie Boynton came infectiously buoyant and enthusiastic, over a quarter of a century ago. She shared an apartment with a kindergarten teacher in those flapper days and every weekend she drove forty long miles home. The novelty of her job prevented loneliness during the first hard weeks, but soon Maggie acquired many

new friends in Hanover who invited her to dinner and parties. She felt at home.

In January, a new history teacher was appointed. Mr. Mallory was thirty, personable, and good-looking in a rugged way. Maggie gradually discovered that Bryan Mallory was extremely intelligent and mature, and yet appreciated the simple, little things of life. Maggie introduced him to all her friends and they rode, skied, and danced together. Occasionally, Bryan would drive her home to Sturbridge for the weekend and stay for dinner.

When April arrived and white and purple violets were straining to thrust up their anguished stems through the soft earth, and pastoral streams overtook themselves in white foaming splendor, Maggie knew she was in love, finally, and irrevocably. But Bryan was painfully silent.

She went to Maine with her family for the summer. Bryan's letters from Mexico became illegible from salt water splashes and sand and permanent creases. She longed for September.

Back in Hanover, after the opening of school, Bryan and Maggie danced and dined through the autumn and winter. Bryan still said nothing but Maggie convinced herself that he was feeling what was left unsaid.

The pastels of Spring slipped unexpectedly over the New England town and unexpected too was the terse note slipped into Maggie's mailbox:

Maggie,

This is a heck of a way to say good-bye to you, but you know I'm not a sentimental guy. Trite as it is, thanks for everything during the past year. I guess I have wanderlust and the U. S. Marines seem to be the best way to satisfy it.

Maybe we'll run into each other some day. The best to you, Maggie.

BRYAN

The hum of pencils became a purr and then stopped altogether.

"Open your books and exchange papers!" Miss Boynton was tired. She rested her head on her propped arms. She thought, musingly, "Spring is for the young and fresh and unscarred. Spring is youth, nebulous, and fragile."

The Hurt

Ann T. Flynn, '56

I did not know

A single word

Could shatter Love

Like seething water

Poured on glass,

Into a myriad,

Million splinters.

Mary in a War Poem

Margaret M. Nagle, '56

RONIC, fitting, or simply coincidental that a poet whose insight pierced the subterfuge of righteous war should himself be born in the midst of World War I? Richard Webb Sullivan had tracked success from his native Maine, through Harvard halls, to the advertising field in New York City when a second war crossed his path. This country was still perched secure on a spectator's cloud when her ground-gravitated men were already enlisting. Sullivan first boarded a merchant marine ship, in 1940, and later traded bunks for a naval officer's. For five years he played his part in the million-man cast of hell-sufferers. When it was over, he toted his log home, turned pale when his wife asked what it was, made her promise never to read it, then hid it from the children.

War was no adventure for Richard Sullivan: it was man gone mad with a gun. Had he capitulated to the temptation of the hour, he might well have voiced only a "Modest Proposal" as Swift had done when he spurned the straw and sank to despair. Sullivan was a stronger man if not a greater writer. He reached for the straw when he felt himself sinking, and the straw turned to a corner of blue cloth from Mary's mantle. As he held tightly, the Virgin raised him until he could look down at the warring world with pity instead of contempt. Then, lifting his eyes he no longer found despair, but hope, in the face of the Refuge of Sinners.

Yet, there was another distant thunderclap in the night when this man voiced his plea for a "kindly light," a "Star of the Sea." As he had once foreseen the war's onslaught, he could envision the war's collapse. He was not now concerned with the war as with the peace. How would men crazed with a ruthless victory deal with the men they had cowered? Would battle cries change suddenly to words of sympathy? Would men inflated with self-righteousness all at once drop to their knees, striking their breasts? Again the lightning of the coming storm seemed to strike at his faith in mankind. Again he was strong. Rather than desert his avenging comrades in conquest, he would lead them as spokesman, he would plead their cause that the blow of justice might be softened in the "King's Cushion"; that someone might inspire these victors to show compassion, and thus attain it. In the words of his petition:

Lady, this
Is beyond our knowledge,
A fearful hour

Therefore, he begs her to

The kind Trinity
To prevent
Our wickedness
Lest sweet mercy flee,
Oh, too far,
Beyond our reach.

Aboard his ship at the time when "we (had) seen our stubborn foes given in our power" Sullivan cries to the Virgin in the night as we, the conquerors, in his fog-blinded vessel, strain toward the "most blessed lantern." Mary is the light-house lantern to guide her erring children to port. He continues the litany hailing her as "Star of love," and spiritualizes his meaning by adding "too deep for passion."

Sullivan portrays his predicament of this "fearful hour," and then foresees "as much sorrow as has been" all through the actual war. Not the "ancient tree" would he have Mary

consider, but this "newest cross" of foreboding peace where innocent people are again threatened with crucifixion "after the new Gethsemane," the Passion of war.

The note of pathos sings:

Is this Peace?
Our arms prevailed
The guns are stilled
We did not love
The men we killed,
And, thus, we failed.

We blamed our foes for the ills of the world. We armed ourselves with just contempt. Rather than look into our own hearts for the fault of allowing a monster to grow on the seeds of false liberalism which we ourselves had nurtured, we turned on the monster we had created and "cast the first stone." Was it any wonder that Christ who promised to kill the Frankenstein (would we but root up its nourishment) "came with a great throng, went on alone"?

But is there hope when justice would condemn "our intent"? Sullivan resorts to his refuge and ours not to smile upon "our wickedness" but to "pity what you cannot bless"—to intercede. Then having secured for us a reprieve, may she "lead us," he prays. He trusts that our ship will emerge from the fog heading for a familiar port as long as the

Holiest of Stars (Is) mindful of us.

Sullivan begins litany-like, then his fervor strains ever higher as he speeds in short lines through the narration of sorrow that he has seen and that he foresees. He hits a high pitch when he prays the "untainted Virgin" to pity our baseness. Then he softens into the antiphonal tone upon which the echo dies, leaving the reader in a very contrite state of mind, the reaction the author intended.

What a different reaction it is than those created by so many of the starkly realistic school, produced by the war? The essential human element of pity is here as it is in all good war poetry. The difference remains in the fact that there is hope in these lines which escapes many soldier poets. Sullivan's faith gives him a deeper insight into his subject. Owen's soldier comes home broken in body and spirit; he hates mankind for his fate; he will never mend. Sullivan's man of war may be shattered to bits bodily; he will blame himself; moreover, he will rise again, with the help of the Virgin.

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To M. B. S.

Helen M. Hennessy, '54

I walked a Sunday street
Whose ritual complete,
The curving steps and bell-voiced spire
So led my feet
I never wished, had no desire
To change, to meet
An intersection on the Sunday street.

I slept in Monday's sun.
"I wonder, does anyone
Look for a change, hope for the unexpected?"
I stretched, and slept again. My uninflected
Dreams continued as they had begun.

Tuesday it stormed. The sun that warmed me Hid; the lightning warned me Of later lightning lighting later thunder. . . . Peace broke: the sun slipped from under A cloud. I lay awake all Tuesday night. What was the omen in the jagged light?

Wednesday I met my love. I felt
My foundried heart grow soft and melt.
When spring swung dancing from the sky
I tried to sing but my mouth went dry,
I tried to speak but my throat was tight.
The moon spun clouds of tears that night.

Thursday morning you made clay
And placed it on my silent lips.
I heard you say
"Be opened!" and I could tell my love!
The stars rang bells and up above
The steeples carolled out the day.

Friday I learned what thunder meant. In one day homeless, straight hopes bent, My love, my home, lost, still I kept fast The tongue loosed, the muteness passed, The language streaming out unbroken, The words in amber soon as spoken.

But Saturday brings lightning. My love is gone, and do you go? No, I was not homeless until now!

"Our two souls therefore..." Is it true? I lose you without losing you? Come true, O compass of comparison! My heart, keep fast the garrison, Fold up the flags till ships come home. They will be waving later on...

"When Love Lectures in the Heart"

Jean A. McDonald, '56

... I am a man who, when Love lectures in the heart, takes notes and then Retells the lesson to the rest of men.

(Purgatorio, XXIV, 52-54)

VER every period in the history of human thought there presides a genius, who sums up, preserves, and represents it for posterity. For antiquity there is Homer; for the Renaissance there is Shakespeare; for Romanticism, Shelley, and Modernism, Dostoevsky. To Dante belong, as vassal and crusader, the Middle Ages. In the darkness of the famous "dark ages" there appeared all at once in the middle of Italy, a tiny spark, a torch, a bonfire or even a super-atomic explosion—it was called Dante Alighieri. This is the approximate effect on the reader who first beholds Dante.

According to the common opinion, Dante might be a dinosaur, or at least a fossil preserved of a period of history called the Middle Ages, a period roughly extending from the splendors of Augustus to the glories of Medicis. Dante, to use the accepted phrase, summarizes and closes the Middle Ages. He is a monument of a civilization fallen to pieces. He is at once the cathedral and sepulchre of the Middle Ages.

This, of course, is not the case; we can speak truly and without fear of the modernity of Dante. This is not the rash statement that it may seem. Consider his art. There is really no secret to Dante's art. Poetry is only a means of transmitting the fire of one spirit to another by means of words, and nothing but words. Every poet has his own vo-

cabulary and idiom, so that words, used by him, even though they may be on everyone's lips and in everybody's books, take on another aspect, have another significance, and arouse other images. They seem, in short, the discovery and property of the particular poet. Such are Dante's words. The words of most poets seem dingy, from overuse, without originality of form or sound. Those of Dante seem to have been coined for the moment's use. They seem to be new-minted, unused, untouched, still bright and shining. It appears almost that Dante was the first to forge them on the heavy anvil of language and give them a living aspect.

To look at his art from another angle, few things strike a reader of the Commedia more than the poet's practice of looking at more than the literal meaning of the poem. Dante sees first, the thing of sense—the surface, shape, and color. Then, he explores it with his mind. He takes off its lid to see what the thing is, to find its worth, its relation to other things, its place in the cosmic whole. Finally, he opens the eyes of his soul; he tries, by intuition, to see with the eyes of God. His art is multi-dimensional.

Probably, the best example of Dante's use of four dimensions is from an episode in the *Purgatorio*. Dante, standing on the beach, at the foot of the hill of purgation, watches a boat propelled without oars or sails by an angel of God. It is carrying souls across the ocean from Tiber mouth to Purgatory. Dante counts over a hundred spirits in the boat and notices that, "they together all were singing *In Exitu Israel de Egypto*, with the rest of the Psalm that follows after." Here Dante states that the souls knew the rest of the hymn by heart, but he also tells us that they were thinking of other levels of meaning. All four interpretations are enumerated in one of Dante's letters: (Epistles XIII, no. 21.)

For if we look at only the letter it means, for us the going out of the sons of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses; if to the allegory, it means for us our Redemption wrought by Christ; if to the moral sense, it means for us the turning of the soul from the grief and misery of sin to a state of grace; if to the anagogic, it means the going forth of a holy soul from the slavery of this corruption to the liberty of eternal glory.

The modernity of Dante can be proved by his fundamental political concept. Many think this concept was a nostalgic longing for the glories of the Roman Empire, particularly its literary glories. But this is not true. Dante longed for one world, a community of nations. He did not think the world was one because men can travel around it in sixty hours. For him the only real oneness of the world is the oneness of man's purposes, of his ideas, and aspirations. The root idea of Dante was that one God is the ultimate source of law and grace—as He is also the ultimate source of all beauty and truth. Nevertheless, the Church and State, even a world Church and a world State are distinct because each has a purpose peculiar to itself. Men must pursue their eternal destinies with the aid of grace. The highest authority of the State is reason as the highest authority of the Church is revelation.

Actually, the experiences of the last years warn us that we are destined to disasters more and more terrible if we do not achieve some form of great political union. This may not be precisely Dante's ideal, but in order to succeed it must contain his basic ideal of a multiple organism governed by a single body of laws and one supreme authority. Therefore, we speak once more of Empire, not moved by nostalgia, but by urgent spiritual and economic needs.

The final proof of the modernity of Dante is in the modes

of his literary art. He is accused of an excessive fondness for the use of symbols and of obscure allusions. But has not modern poetry found once more in the natural universe, a forest of symbols almost supernatural? It is said that Dante sometimes creates strange new words, that he does not even avoid a play on words or deliberate alliteration. But do we not find the same thing in the poetry of Dylan Thomas, who is considered by our sophisticates as the most modern of our modern writers? It is said that Dante was at fault in wishing to express in poetry, that which is foreign to the nature of poetry, namely, theological truth and abstract ideas. But has not Paul Claudel, one of the greatest modern Catholic poets, expressed in verse some of the most mystic dogmas of the Church? Of course, not all of Dante is alive and modern, just as not all of James Joyce, who lived in our time is alive and modern. The Commedia, as all things, is subject to change. The language of Dante is half-obsolete; his system of astronomy has been superseded; his allegory has been the subject of controversy; his great political dream has never been realized. Most of the events in which Dante was immersed have passed into the leaves of dry history texts; only the basic content of faith is the same.

Nevertheless, there are certain substantial elements of his spirit so modern as to be, even today, among the hopes and ideals for whose fulfillment we still look to the future. Dante is more modern than many moderns, more alive today than many, who are dead but think themselves alive.

EVRRENT BOOKS

The Easter Book. By Francis X. Weiser, S.J. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Co., 1954.

Appropriately, the newest publication of Reverend Francis X. Weiser serves as a companion to *The Christmas Book* which was so popularly received in 1952. *The Easter Book*, dedicated to Emmanuel, concerns the origin, history, liturgy, and customs of the Easter and Lenten season, a season universally observed by Christians with sacrificial fast and abstinence.

The traditions connected with this forty-day penitential period are traced in *The Easter Book*. Unusual customs such as egg-rolling, spring cleaning, Lenten recipes and even pretzels assume significance. Lenten liturgical music and poetry are treated in relation to early Church history.

Each chapter in *The Easter Book* is successfully illustrated by Robert Frankenberg, who contributed so much to *The Christmas Book*. Mr. Frankenberg follows the sequence of the book by portraying the particular traditions which the author stresses.

This book boasts a charming and effortless style. Its clarity results from a lack of pretention and self-consciousness; its sincerity from an obviously devoted study of all facets of the Easter tradition. It will be appreciated by all readers interested in a fascinating range of Christian heritage.

Margaret Christie, '54

Varied Harvest: A Miscellany of Writing by Barnard College Women. Edited by Amy Loveman, Frederica Barach and Marjorie M. Mayer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1953.

The diversified thoughts of over forty graduates of Barnard College are presented here in literary contributions that cover fifty years. The majority of the pieces were published after 1945, although one essay was printed as early as 1888. The works represent not only the classes from 1888 to 1952, but also many nationalities, as evidenced by the section of the book devoted to biographical data of the various authors.

The contributions are easily catalogued as fiction and non-fiction, interspersed generously with poetic offerings. The short stories are both humorous and serious, and the essays range from chatty informalities to treatise-like discussions. The poetry likewise is varied in its mood, but consistently presents the subtler thoughts of Barnard College graduates.

Barnard College, the feminine counterpart of Columbia University, would be expected to reflect in its literature the thought of women concerning college education, and there is a large proportion of articles on this subject. "Wanted: More Children," by Helen Walker Puner, defends college-educated women with a slightly sarcastic gibe against some prevalent derogatory opinions. A humorous complaint of the trials of a would-be "independent wife" is Doris Fleischman's offering in "Notes of a Retiring Feminist."

Although there is a slight majority in favor of the non-fictional pieces, there is an abundance of delightful stories. "Mother Announcing" is a short, sympathetic sketch of the pre-occupations of a busy family by Alice Duer Miller who is not limited to fiction. Her "Three Poems from the White

Cliffs" should strike a familiar note for most readers. This "miscellany of writing by Barnard College Women" should prove enjoyable reading to anyone who is interested in college, literature, or women authors, for this book combines all three in a well-balanced combination.

Marie Hingston, '55

The Second Tree from the Corner. By E. B. White. New York: Harpers, 1954.

From E. B. White, whose sophisticated wit has for many years filled the pages of the New Yorker magazine, comes a book now being hailed as his best.

Though his two previous productions, "Quo Vadimus" and "One Man's Meat" are primarily books of essays, "The Second Tree from the Corner" offers short stories, poetry, parodies, sketches and comments on mankind in general. In fact, two of the high spots of the book are the poetical selections called "Nine Songs" and the excellent parody on Ernest Hemingway entitled "Across the Street and into the Grill."

The subject matter is fresh and varied. In his earlier books Mr. White dwelt largely on New York and its people. In this book the author has infused enough less sophisticated material to display his much-acclaimed versatility as a writer. To achieve this "natural" quality he writes of his favorite animals, animals which he perhaps came to know during his pre-New York days in Maine. His tribute to the lowly hen and his eulogy on the death of a pig are the outstanding "natural pieces" in the book.

Yet, the title of the book evolves from one of Mr. White's more urbane essays in which a busy New Yorker pauses in his daily routine to notice how truly beautiful "the second

tree from the corner" really is. This blending of diverse subjects gives the book a genuinely universal appeal.

Mr. White himself has said of this book that: "Whoever sets his pen to paper writes of himself whether knowingly or not. This then is a book of revelations." E. B. White, New Yorker, has managed to produce some of the more remarkable of recent revelations.

Catherine M. Fanning, '55

The Ponder Heart. By Eudora Welty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1953.

It would be pleasant to discover in the rash of recent books set in the South one that presents life below the Mason-Dixon line with a degree of humor. Unfortunately, Eudora Welty's current novel, *The Ponder Heart*, fails to fulfill expectations. Not even the occasional deft touches of a notable author can compensate for a plot that would be inadequate in a much shorter story. Whatever structure there is clings precariously to the characterization of Uncle Daniel Ponder.

With his fantastic generosity and kindness of heart, Uncle Daniel becomes a caricature rather than a literary recreation of the "Southern Gentleman." His escapades, his idiosyncrasies, and his weaknesses are enumerated with such recurrent emphasis on trivialities that they tend to bore rather than amuse the reader. The eccentricities of each of the lesser characters are also too heavily accented to seem probable.

Apparently, however, the story is meant to be realistic; numerous details and bits of folklore attest to this. The town of Clay with its courthouse, hotel, heat, dust, and gossip is well-drawn. Its placid homeliness is not easily disturbed

by anything less than a murder trial—with Uncle Daniel as the defendant. Nor can this be considered extraordinary, since any legal business transacted as farcically as this trial would disrupt almost any locality.

If Miss Welty chooses to write another novel, it is to be hoped that she will return to the more restrained tone of her earlier work. In the meantime, *The Ponder Heart* is wholesome reading for a Sunday afternoon, but like Uncle Daniel's legendary wealth, its story seems to be "off in the clouds somewhere—like true love" with no discernible link to reality.

Claire DeLay

The Web of Time. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1953.

Munsey Wills desperately wanted more time. Sixty-five is young when a man feels fit and eager to work; it is old when retirement plans and social security enter into the question.

For years Mun had gone through the routine of "going to business" as his wife, Jennie, phrased it. With a sudden jolt he realized that in less than a year he would be without a position, an idea which to Mun, an energetic man, was worse than death. Time was slipping too quickly from him. Not so for Kew, Norman, and Patty, his three restless children who were engrossed in their own minute worlds of babies, cars, furniture, homes, and time payments. For them time could not pass too quickly until they could retire and travel at their leisure. They had no problems of income or, worse, of passing the heavy hours which drag so wearily.

His attempts to fill the long hours, his failure, and finally his partial success are treated in such a manner as to draw the deepest sympathy of the reader. This is a gripping story, told without the overdone pathos that often attends trials-of-old-age books. Dealing with a social problem, it is far more literature than propaganda, and promises fine things for young Josephine Lawrence.

Geraldine F. Lambert

The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1953.

"The First Thousand Days" is the initial installment of the diary of former Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, covering the mobile first term of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It is a frank, hard-hitting, necessarily subjective account of the Washington scene, which Ickes dictated to his secretary each evening at his Olney, Maryland farm. The diary is as unretouched as Simon and Schuster dared risk without being sued for libel.

"Honest Harold" was never a mild man, and his vociferous quarrels with the administration and his Washington colleagues make stimulating reading. Volatile Ickes disliked MacArthur, distrusted Hopkins, and twice tendered FDR his resignation when under administrative attack. The diarist greatly admired Roosevelt, both as a political genius and a warm-hearted individual, but he is not uncritical. In addition to political insight, Ickes also gives a glimpse of Washington society and protocol.

The seven hundred and fifty-two page book presents a kaleidoscopic view of Washington confusion. But the long look at Harold Ickes' friends and enemies may enthrall you more than any compilation of historical facts.

Anne Grant

A generous library is an invaluable incentive to scholarly research. Here is an account of one such system:

Manuscripts of famous poems are always alluring. The first time I saw one (I think it was one of Keats') I found it oddly moving. "So this was his first thought—more and more revisions—one line rewritten three or four times—then lines and lines without any changes at all. This is how a poet's mind works. . . ."

Until a few years ago, original manuscripts were few and far between, accessible only in treasure rooms of private and university libraries. Most poets destroyed their early drafts, or if they did not, their descendants did. Psychologically speaking, the genesis of a poem was still fairly mysterious; psychologists lacked the raw material from which they could deduce the steps in the poetic process.

Thanks to a far-sighted step by the University of Buffalo, the scarcity of original manuscripts is being remedied. The Lockwood Memorial Library of the University exists specifically to house manuscripts of modern poetry donated by the authors. In the course of some reading, I learned that the Lockwood Library had a good many Dylan Thomas manuscripts, a discovery as attractive as it was frustrating. I saw, at the moment, no way to get to Buffalo to study the manuscripts. Finally, I wrote to the Library and began a rewarding acquaintance with the most generous library system possible. The more than three thousand manuscripts owned by the Library have been recorded on microfilm, and the films are available on inter-library loan to anyone interested. The Library also lends its stock of "little magazines" and books on poetry, often unavailable elsewhere, to readers all over the country. If my own experience is any criterion, the Lockwood Library is open-handed beyond belief. Thirty tins of microfilm came to the Boston Public Library for my use; the reels showed over two hundred manuscripts, including some of Dylan Thomas' most arresting work. The experience of seeing On the Marriage of a Virgin or The Ballad of the Long Legged Bait take shape before my eyes was unexpectedly exciting. The doodles, self-portraits, scrawled comments, and bits of satire ornamenting the margins of the manuscripts were ever-present reminders of the man operating side by side with the poet.

The obvious question is: of what use are the worksheets of poems? Besides their worth to the psychologist, they are of incalculable value to any interpreter of a poet as complex as Dylan Thomas. Very often a debate on the poet's intention in writing a particular line may be settled by following that line through its mutations to its final form. There is no quarrelling with manuscript evidence on the progression of style in these poems. The traditional and unremarkable earliest poems give way to the fierce originality of the middle poems, which yield to the candor of the last poems.

The worksheets make possible illuminating moments of contact with the poet's mind. His liking for a particular phrase shows up in his use of that phrase, or variants on it, in six or seven versions of the same poem; it may even appear in a different poem entirely. There is a good deal of suspense in watching the operation of the critical judgment of the poet, choosing, reserving, discarding. It is amazing how very rarely in the Thomas manuscripts the selection and pruning go wrong. The worksheets sometimes show a a poem cast in different verse forms; the poet may start off with one rhyme scheme, abandon it, adopt another, and end

up with no rhyme at all. The poet's instinctive search for the *rapport* between matter and form becomes a very real thing to any reader of poetic worksheets.

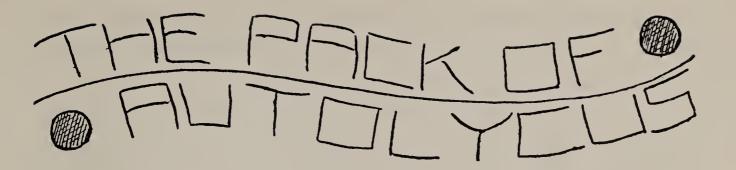
For anyone, then, interested in modern poetry, the Lock-wood Memorial Library is a treasure trove. Access to its possessions could not be simpler; any request made through a public or private library to Mr. Gene Magner, Curator of the Poetry Collection, will be promptly satisfied. Mr. Magner's offer of material for study is typical of the spirit of the Library; he says:

"I'm glad and we (Lockwood Library) are glad to be helpful at any time to the best of ability—discounting the pressure of aging and time wherever possible, whenever possible."

That is certainly library service at its best, using a library as it should be used—as a clearing house for the transmission of knowledge and beauty to a far-reaching public.

Helen M. Hennessy, '54





On the Subway

Claire DeLay, '55

THIS modern era of swift and comfortable transportation is certainly a thing of wonder and beauty—for that fortunate individual who only reads about it in books. Sleek streamliners, streaking planes, and cosmopolitan ships compete for the superlatives of travelogues; but conspicuously absent from such literature are the garish, jolting subway cars which usurp a generous portion of the life of the daily commuter.

To the truly poetic soul, the endless steel tracks become "singing rails"; the blank and disgruntled faces massed in the interior of the subway resemble "petals on a wet, black bough." For an interesting experiment in the field of human behavior, a courageous person might mention these delicate metaphors to the pitiable being who is habitually and unavoidably enmeshed in the early morning rush hour. Undoubtedly, this researcher would increase extensively a certain specialized portion of his vocabulary as well as gain immediate knowledge of the practical art of self-defense.

Should this imaginary observer, by some fortuitous union of chance and sheer physical endurance, manage to board the crowded subway car, he would probably offer mentally to exchange places with a sardine. At this point, such a move would seem advantageous because obviously nothing could be less commodious and luxurious than his present location. Yet there are compensations even for this. Since there is no pole nor strap within clutching distance and seats are nonexistent as far as he is concerned, lack of space provides reasonable assurance that he will not fall, at least not all the way to the floor.

In the words of the advertising copy-writer, "Travel affords opportunities to meet interesting people"; for the present, it is better to forget the phrase about "widening one's horizons." Trolley travellers seem to shed their individuality and group themselves into rather general categories. There is the stolid fellow, usually enveloped by the distinctive aroma of cigar smoke, who must at all costs read the news. Each time he turns a page of his newspaper, several hats and, occasionally, a pair of eyeglasses, which have the misfortune to be in his immediate vicinity, are knocked askew. His feminine counterpart is the brightly dressed young woman, enthralled by the magazine story of her movie idol, who snaps her chewing gum rhythmically and monotonously. How much more satisfying it would be if she and the clicking wheels synchronized their music!

Equally well-known to habitués of the underground transit system is the individual who utilizes the technique of a small bull-dozer in a determined effort to capture a momentarily vacant seat. Also popular is the day-dreamer who almost rides past her station and must frantically signal the driver to reopen the door and thus permit her to depart. Most painful of all to encounter is the fashion model type who can find no place to rest the high heels—they bear a definite resemblance to the stilettoes popularized by Corsican bandits—of her pumps but on someone else's feet.

Lest the wrong impression be created, it seems necessary to affirm that not all commuters are something less than considerate and courteous. Usually, a gentleman of the "old school" is present who, without too much hesitation, will relinquish his hard-won place on the springless bench to a frail old lady whose vague similarity to his grandmother causes a wave of nostalgia to surge over him. Less frequently there is an obliging matron who will offer to hold a student's books on her lap for the duration of the ride. This gesture inevitably leads to a discussion of college life in general and its effects on her family in particular. (Her son did not attend college long enough to receive his degree—the war, you know, interfered; but her daughter met a fledgling economist while she was away at school. They are now married and living in the Midwest.)

In order to distract its customers further, the subway company provides reading matter in the form of colorful advertisements, placed slightly above a comfortable reading level, in each car. To appreciate them fully, the average individual must tilt back his head awkwardly and then focus his vision upon them with a definite blank stare. The result is not happy to contemplate. Most passengers fervently hope that someday the management will realize that a large percentage of the American public has been educated beyond the second grade. In the meantime, the fascination of the lively, but empty, words of the slogans wanes rapidly.

Fortunately, even the daily commuter enjoys a vacation periodically. Then he relaxes amid the plush appointments of the streamliners, planes, or ships and renews his faith in mankind and the world.

Letters from the Readers

DEAR EDITORS:

Congratulations on your very successful February issue of the ETHOS. The short stories certainly showed the hard work and talent of your writers. I really enjoyed every one of them and, in particular, The White Fence.

My only criticism is that more short stories were not included in the issue. I certainly hope that more will appear in future issues.

Again congratulations!

Short story lover,

Nancy DiSalvo

DEAR ETHOS STAFF:

This is a belated note of congratulations on your wonderful issue. We especially enjoyed the various verse forms and the translations.

Anyone with experience on a publication can appreciate to a remarkable degree the blood, sweat, and tears that go into the set-up of such a fine product.

Sincerely,

The Epilogue Staff



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